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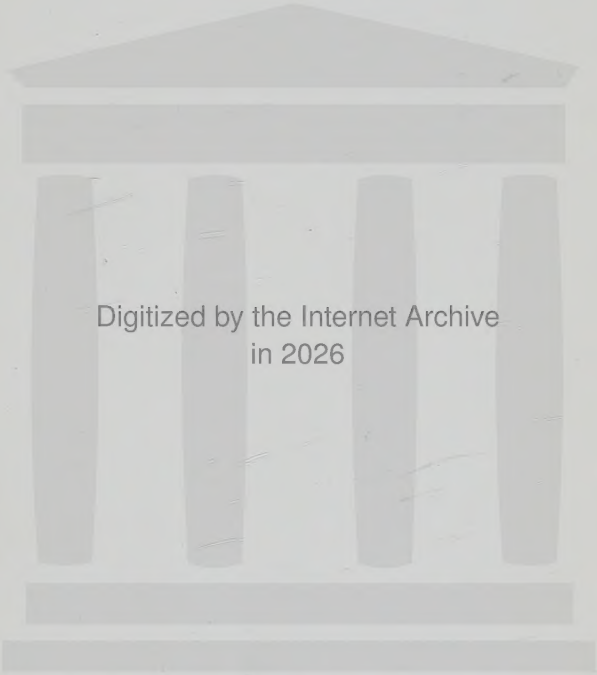
Second Edition	1914
Reprinted	1917
Reprinted	1920
Reprinted	1922
Reprinted	1925
Third Edition	1930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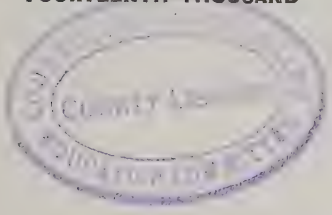

OLIVER AND BOYD
EDINBURGH: TWEEDDALE COURT
LONDON: 33 PATERNOSTER ROW, E.C.

32583

PRINTED IN GREAT BRITAIN BY
OLIVER AND BOYD, EDINBURGH

PREFACE TO FIRST EDITION

THE public recitals, which for a number of years I have been in the habit of giving, have elicited from my hearers numberless inquiries regarding my recitations; and as the best method of answering these, I have published this little volume of selected pieces, which contains the best of those I have rendered and found successful on the public platform. It has always been my aim to secure pieces which, along with strong dramatic interest and literary merit, also possess a good moral; and I have found this kind of recitation give more satisfaction than pieces of a more abstract or didactic nature. If the readers of this little volume should gain an occasional hour's pleasure by its perusal, or if my students find it of use in their studies or in their professional career, it will be to me a great source of gratification to know that my labours have not been in vain.

A. B. HARLEY.

15 LEOPOLD PLACE,
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PREFACE TO THIRD EDITION

THIS new and revised edition, completing the fourteenth thousand, is issued in the hope that it will meet with an even greater measure of success than its predecessors.

To a large extent the best of the older favourites have been retained, but in order to meet the constant demand for new material a number of fresh pieces in both verse and prose have been included.

A. B. HARLEY.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

My sincere thanks are due to those distinguished Authors and Publishers who have kindly given me the right to publish these selections. In one or two cases attempts have failed to find Author or Publishers of some of the pieces, which may be copyright ; if so, I trust this explanation will pardon the offence.

A. B. H.

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STORY RECITALS

I. POETICAL PIECES—SERIOUS AND PATHETIC

"IF"

If you can hold your tongue, when all about you
  Condemn and criticise, deplore and moan;
If you'll admit the ship can steam without you,
  Though she be manned by Fishermen alone;
If you can smile when troubled seas are rolling,
  And cheer when sleet in torrents starts to pour,
And laugh aloud when hands fall in for coaling
  On top of an anchor-watch the night before—

If you can shut your eyes and ears to scandal
  Of some poor shipmate whom ill-luck befell—
And he an enemy not worth a candle—
  If you within your heart can wish him well;
If you can recognise him as a brother,
  If you can hear the tale and heed it not,
But let it in one ear and out the other,
  And dwell upon the one good point he has got—

If you observe a shipmate make a blunder
  In act or speech and do not ridicule
The slip he made by pulling it asunder,
  And thus revile a Christian as a fool;

If you can face misfortune uncomplaining,
  And with composure watch your treasure go,
And give a bit of what you have remaining
  To charity, and not let others know—

If you can give some spare time to a movement
  Of bringing honour to the ship you're in,
And ask no credit for the grand improvement,
  But only show you're out to move and win;
If you respect your seniors and endeavour
  To show your juniors how it should be done;
You'll be a man whose name should live for ever,
  And, what is more, a gentleman, my son.

GIRALDUS.

From "Musings of a Merry Matloe."
By kind permission of The Marlborough Publishing Co.

A STRAY CHILD

THE chill November day was done,
  The working world home-faring;
The wind came roaring through the streets
  And set the gas-lights flaring;
And hopelessly and aimlessly
  The scared old leaves were flying;
When, mingled with the sighing wind,
  I heard a small voice crying.

And shivering on the corner stood
  A child of four, or over;
No cloak or hat her small, soft arms
  And wind-blown curls to cover.

Her dimpled face was stained with tears;
Her round blue eyes ran over;
She cherished in her wee cold hand,
A bunch of faded clover.

And one hand round her treasure while
She slipped in mine the other;
Half scared, half confidential said,
"Oh! please, I want my mother!"
"Tell me your street and number, pet;
Don't cry, I'll take you to it."
Sobbing, she answered, "I forget:
The organ made me do it.

"He came and played at Milly's steps,
The monkey took the money;
And so I followed down the street,
The monkey was so funny.
I've walked about a hundred hours,
From one street to another:
The monkey's gone, I've spoiled my flowers,
Oh! please, I want my mother."

"But what's your mother's name? and what
The street? Now think a minute."
"My mother's name is mamma dear—
The street—I can't begin it."
"But what is strange about the house,
Or new—not like the others?"
"I guess you mean my trundle bed,
Mine and my little brother's.

"And oh! I ought to be at home
To help him say his prayers,—
He's such a baby he forgets;
And we are both such players·—

And there's a bar to keep us both
From pitching on each other,
For Harry rolls when he's asleep:
Oh dear! I want my mother."

The sky grew stormy; people passed
All muffled, homeward faring;
"You'll have to spend the night with me,"
I said at last despairing.
I tied a kerchief round her neck—
"What ribbon's this, my blossom?"
"Why, don't you know?" she smiling said,
And drew it from her bosom.

A card with number, street, and name;
My eyes astonished met it;
"For," said the little one, "You see
I might sometimes forget it:
And so I wear a little thing
That tells you all about it;
For mother says she's very sure
I should get lost without it."

ELIZA SPROAT TURNER.

THE GAME OF LIFE

THIS life is like a game of cards: a game we all must learn;
Each shuffles, cuts, and deals the pack, and each a trump doth turn.
Some bring a high card to the top, and some may bring a low;
Some hold a hand quite full of trumps, while others none can show.

In playing, some throw out their trumps, their winning cards to save;
Some play the king, some play the deuce, and many play the knave.
Some play for money, some for love, and some for worldly fame;
But not until the hand's played out can they count up their game.

When Hearts are trumps we play for love, and pleasure rules the hour;
No thought of sorrow checks our joy in Beauty's rosy bower.
We laugh, we sing, sweet verses write, our cards at random play;
And whilst the heart remains on top our life's a holiday.

When Diamonds chance to rule the pack, then players stake their gold;
And heavy sums are won—and lost—by players young and old.
Each one intent upon the game doth watch, with eager eye,
That he may see his neighbour's cards, and cheat him on the sly.

When Clubs are trumps look out for war on ocean and on land;
For awful deeds of blood are done when Clubs are held in hand.
Then lives are staked instead of gold, the dogs of war are freed;
And sad it is for any land when Clubs once get the lead.

Last game of all is when the Spade is turned by the hand of Time;
He waits for the end of the player's game in every age and clime.

No matter how much each may win or how much each may save,
The Spade will finish up the game and dig the player's grave.

ANON.

THE WOODMAN'S DAUGHTER

A WOODMAN lived in a forest wild;
He was poor as poor could be—
His only treasure a maiden child,
Bonny and brave was she;
And she kept his hearth all warm and bright,
And welcomed him home with a kiss at night.

Three robbers passed through the lonely wood.
They stopped at the cottage door.
"My fair little maid, now give us food"
Said she, "I have no more
Than a cup of tea and oaten cake,
And father his supper of that must make."

"Go bring us quickly the oaten cake,
And bring us the cup of tea,
We're weary and hungry," the robbers spake
"'Twill be little enough for three."
"But father," she said, "has toiled all day,
I cannot give his supper away."

The robbers laughed both loud and long,
"A plucky lass," they said;
"But give us a kiss, and we'll be gone
And leave you the oaten bread."
"Nay! That," she said, "I cannot do,
I keep my kisses for father, too."

"We could sweep you up, my little maid,
You and your oaten cake,
And carry you off! Are you not afraid?
Where none could overtake."
Her cheeks grew white with a hidden fear—
"I know," she said; "but God is near."

The father came, with the set of sun,
Home to his cottage door;
"I am hungry and tired, my little one,
What hast thou for me in store?"
"Supper is ready! Give thanks!" said she,
"We have oaten bread, and a cup of tea."

JOY ALLISON.

BLIND MARY OF THE MOUNTAINS

ON the high slope of a Welsh mountain range
Blind Mary long had lived; nor was it strange
She loved her dwelling-place with all her heart,
For ere she lost her sight her eyes had seen
The glory of that hill and vale so green,
And what she saw would never from her mind depart.
She prized above all wealth her little cot,
And lived contented with her lowly lot.

One evening—sunset flooding all the land
With golden light—old Mary at her cottage door
Sat lonely, with her Bible in her hand,
Whose pages, as she sat, she fingered o'er,
And murmured sacred words, to her so dear,
Then stopped and listened, for upon her ear
There fell the sound of footsteps, and a man drew near.

"Sit down, sir," she addressed him; "take this seat;
You must have travelled far, so rest your feet.
You are a gentleman, and from your steps I know
You are alone; sit down and let me show
The glories of this wondrous view of ours;
See how in purple clad the mountain towers,
And see how at the bottom of the pass
The stream reflects the sunset gold like glass;
And you will be the better too, I think,
Of a cool glass of buttermilk to drink."

The traveller thanked her, took the offered cup,
And gratefully he drank its contents up;
"But, lady," said he, "you have filled me with surprise;
Blind surely you can't be, for with your eyes
You seem to see each feature of the scene
You so describe; I know not what you mean!"

"Ah, sir, 'tis true God took away my sight,"
The lady said, "and all is dark as night;
And long I was rebellious in my heart,
And full of sadness, till this Book I read;
Like Mary, then I chose the 'better part,'
I know my Saviour suffered in my stead;
And when God closed my eyes to outward sight,
He opened them anew to inward light,
And taught me so His wondrous love to see
That life is far more happy now for me.
O sir, forgive me if I ask, can you
Confess that you love Christ and trust Him too?"

The man rose, shook his head, and went his way,
Stirred deeply too by what he heard her say,
But gave one glance back to the cottage, where
Mary still sat, lips moving as in prayer.

Years passed away. One day to the village came
The traveller again: Mary's cottage stood the same,

But a new tenant now was there, and Mary gone,
Her life accomplished and her labours done.
The stranger shed a tear upon her grave,
And thought upon her life so good and brave,
And on her resting-place he put a stone
To tell what grace she in her life had shown;
These words the passer-by still reads thereon:—

"Blind to this world, she clearly saw her Duty,
And her eyes now behold the King in His beauty;
And she who was blind to this world so grand,
Now sees in its glory the Beautiful Land."

ALEXANDER SMALL.

Composed specially for this volume.

THE GIFT OF THE LILY

THE musical season was closing at last
As down from the steps of the Opera passed
Parepa Rosa, who, they say,
Was the greatest singer of her day.
What made her pause? A figure stood there,
Blocking the lady's way on the stair;
A strangely misshapen figure he,
As pale and as pinched as any could be,
With a tiny violin under his arm.
"My lady," he said, "I mean no harm."
In a plaintive, childish voice he spoke,
In tones that with his emotion broke.
"I'm Elphin, the street singer," he said.
The lady's escort shook his head,
But the lady paused, for the boy held up
A lily as fair as a golden cup,

Its petals sparkling with diamond dew,
And said, "Fair lady! this is for you!
O lady, please accept this flower
For the bliss you gave me one happy hour,
When, hidden beneath the Opera stair,
I heard you sing—you, all unaware
That a poor cripple beggar was listening there."
She took the lily; and ere she sped,
"Meet me here to-morrow again," she said.

The morrow came and what joy did it bring,
For the beggar lad heard the Diva sing;
And as the triumphant music filled
The crowded house, his soul was thrilled.
But a joy undreamed of was yet in store:
The flower he had given on her breast she wore.
And forth to the stage the youth she brought
And thanked him there for his kindly thought
Expressed by the gift of the flower; and then,
While he on his violin played, she sang
That song that touches the hearts of men,
"Home, Sweet Home!" till the rafters rang
And the eyes of her hearers were dimmed with tears
And the building resounded with heartfelt cheers.

Sweet singer! your voice, alas, no more
Shall stir our hearts as it did of yore;
But such kindness as yours must the Master please,
"Inasmuch as you did it to one of these!"

ALEXANDER SMALL.

Composed specially for this volume.

INO AND UNO

INO and Uno are two little boys
Who always are ready to fight,
  Because each will boast
  That he knows the most,
And the other one cannot be right.

Ino and Uno went into the woods,
Quite certain of knowing the way,
  I am right! You are wrong!
  They said, going along,
And they didn't get out till next day.

Ino and Uno rose up with the lark,
To angle awhile in the brook;
  But by contrary signs,
  They entangled their lines,
And brought nothing home to the cook.

Ino and Uno went out on the lake,
And oh, they got dreadfully wet;
  While discussion prevailed
  They carelessly sailed,
And the boat they were in was upset.

Though each is entitled opinions to have,
They need not be foolishly strong:
  And to quarrel and fight,
  Over what we think right,
Is, you know, and I know, quite wrong.

JOSEPHINE PILLARD.

GOD IS GOOD

I FACED a future all unknown,
No opening could I see,
I heard without the night wind moan,
The days were dark to me—
"I cannot face it all alone,
O be Thou near to me."

I had done sums, and sums, and sums,
Inside my aching head,
I'd tried in vain to pierce the gloom
That lay so thick ahead.
But two and two will not make five,
Nor will do when I'm dead.

And then I thought of Him who fed
Five thousand hungry men,
With five small camel loaves of bread,
Would He were here again.
Dear God, hast Thou still miracles
For the troubled sons of men?

He has, He will, He worketh still
In ways most wonderful;
He drew us from the miry clay,
He filled my cup quite full;
And while my heart can speak I'll tell,
His love unspeakable.

Rest in the Lord, I saw it there
On the tablets of the night,
And comforted, I dropped my care,
Where burdens have no weight;
Then trustfully, I turned and slept,
And woke, and it was light.

God works to-day as He did of old,
For the lightening of men's woes;
His wonders never can be told,
His goodness no man knows,
His love, His power, His tenderness,
Nor shall do till life's close.

His kindness is so very great,
His greatness is so good,
He looks upon my low estate,
He gives me daily food,
And nothing is too small for Him;
Yes, truly—God is good.

JOHN OXENHAM.

From "Bees in Amber." By kind permission of the Author.

"LOOTIN' FOR MAMMA"

WHAT are ye greetin' for, puir little lammie?
Hoo did ye wander about in the rain?
Come gie me yer han', and I'll tak' ye tae mammie:
She'll think that the tinkies has stown her wean.
Noo tell's whaur ye come frae, and what dae they ca' ye?
A smairter wee wifie I never hae met.
Ye needna be feart, for nae ill will befa' ye.
The answer came softly, "I'se mamma's wee pet.

"I'se lootin' for mamma, I'se wantin' to kiss her;
She's away up in heaven and me is doon here;
She went in a coach, and me toodn't go with her,
Dod's house is so high, and me tant find the stair."

Ah me! as she prattled, puir mitherless lammie,
I thocht to myself its gey true what ye say;
For mony a one for the want o' their mammie
Hes passed a' the landmarks and fun' na the way.

I didna weel ken what to dae wi' the craiter;
But just at the meenit a man cam' in view,
"Ah, mem," he exclaimed, "I'm this wee lassie's faither;
Thank God, I hae gotten my bonnie wee doo.
My heart was near broken when she went amissing,
I promised her mother to mak' her my care;
And noo for yer kindness I'll gie ye a blessing,
Ask God to reward ye, I canna dae mair."

"And whaur was ye gaun'? Yer claes are just soakin';
Ye'll promise, my dearie, tae wander nae mair."
The bairnie said slowly, wi' sobs maistly chokin',
"I'se lootin' for heaven, and tant find the stair."
The joy that ower come at the words unexpected,
Said, "Oh, my ain lassie, I'll mak' it my care
To look for the road that sae long I've neglected,
An' start wi' my pet, at the fit o' the stair."

ANON.

LITTLE JOE

PROP yer eyes wide open, Joey,
Fur I've brought you sumpin' great.
Apples? No, a heap sight better!
Don't you take no int'rest? Wait!
Flowers, Joe—I know'd you'd like 'em—
Ain't them scrumptious? Ain't them high?
Tears, my boy? Wot's them fur, Joey?
There—poor little Joe!—don't cry!

I was skippin' past a winder,
  Where a bang-up lady sot,
All amongst a lot of bushes—
  Each one climbin' from a pot;
Every bush had flowers on it—
  Pretty? Mebbe not! Oh, no!
Wish you could a seen 'em growin',
  It was sich a stunnin' show.

Well, I thought of you, poor feller,
  Lyin' here so sick and weak,
Never knowin' any comfort,
  And I puts on lots o' cheek.
"Missus," say I, "If you please, mum,
  Could I ax you for a rose?
For my little brother, missus—
  Never seed one, I suppose."

Then I told her all about you—
  How I bringed you up—poor Joe!
(Lackin' women folks to do it.)
  Sich a' imp you was, you know—
Till yer got that awful tumble,
  Jist as I had broke yer in
(Hard work, too), to earn yer livin'
  Blackin' boots for honest tin.

Now that tumble crippled of you,
  So's you couldn't hyper much—
Joe, it hurted when I seen you
  Fur the first time with yer crutch.
"But," I says, "he's laid up now, mum,
  'Pears to weaken every day;"
Joe, she up and went to cuttin'—
  That's the how of this bokay.

Say! It seems to me, ole feller,
  You is quite yerself to-night;

Kind o' chirk—it's been a fortnit
Sence yer eyes has been so bright.
Better? Well, I'm glad to hear it!
Yes, they're mighty pretty, Joe.
Smellin' of 'em's made you happy?
Well, I thought it would, you know!

Never see the country, did you?
Flowers growin' everywhere!
Some time when you're better, Joey,
Mebbe I kin take you there.
Flowers in heaven? 'M— I s'pose so;
Dunno much about it, though;
Ain't as fly as wot I might be
On them topics, little Joe.

But I've heard it hinted somewheres
That in heaven's golden gates
Things is everlastin' cheerful—
B'lieve that's wot the Bible states.
Likewise, there folks don't git hungry;
So good people, when they dies,
Finds themselves well fixed forever—
Joe, my boy, wot ails yer eyes?

Thought they looked a little sing'ler.
Oh, no! Don't you have no fear;
Heaven was made fur such as you is—
Joe, wot makes you look so queer?
Here—wake up! Oh, don't look that way!
Joe! My boy! Hold up yer head!
Here's yer flowers—you dropped 'em, Joey!
Oh, my God, can Joe be *dead?*

P. A.

IN BETHNAL GREEN

1.

SATERDAY nite in Bethnal Green,
Naphtha lamps a-flarin'
Along the gutter for nearly a mile,
And men and wimmen blarin'.
Men and wimmin with kippers and whelks,
Taters and beans an marrers;
Nearly a mile in Bethnal Green
Nothin' but costers' barrers.

2.

Saterday crowds in Bethnal Green
Sunday dinners a-buyin';
Some without the money to buy,
Lookin' and longin' an sighin';
Kids wot 'aven't bin washed for years,
Moppin' up a'penny ices;
Mothers o' famerlies gittin' their meat,
An' batin' the butcher's prices.

3.

Pubs and the fried fish shops all full,
Wives in blazin' rages,
'Usbands up to the same old game
Blewin' the whole week's wages.
Fat old wimmen o' sixteen stone
Simperin' drunk, and leery,
Little girls leadin' their fathers 'ome,
Fathers blue-blind and bleary.

4.

Pickpockets, blokes on the kinchin lay,
Fellers and gals a mashin'.
Twig young 'Arry acrost the way
Givin' his tart a thrashin'.
An' twig that pale little barefooted kid,
Looks as if she was dyin'—
Sobbin' as if she'd break 'er 'art,
Wonder wot set her cryin',

5.

Foller that barefooted kid of eight
Into a lonely turnin',
Foller 'er up to a first-floor back,
Where a taller candle's burnin;
Father's a waitin' there for 'er,
And don't 'e welcome 'er—rather—
That little kid's bin out ter beg,
For money for drink for father.

6.

Only tuppence, why, dash yer eyes,
There's a look on 'is mug like killin'
I told yer not to show yer face,
Until you'd copped a shillin'.
Father ups with 'is 'eavy fist,
Swears as e'll smash and blind 'er,
An' out she dashes, that terrified kid,
With that 'orrible face behind 'er.

7.

Out she dashes, an' runs, an' runs,
Pantin' with tears a-flowin',
Out throo the crowd in Bethnal Green,
Too frightened to look where she's goin'.

There's a roar in 'er ears like the roar of the sea,
There's a buzzin' and whirlin' an hummin',
'Ere's the larst bus comin' up Bethnal Green
But that kid don't see it comin'.

8.

Yells, and shrieks, an' a surgin' crowd,
Larst bus stops in a hurry.
"Lift 'er on to the stretcher, Jim,"
"Orl rite, Mum, don't you worry;
A doctor won't be no good to 'er,
Gord bless yer, she's goin' to clover.
Saterday nite in Bethnal Green,
An' another kid run over."

F. R. COULSON.

By arrangement with Author.

NOW IS THE TIME

WHEN I have time so many things I'll do,
To make life happier and more fair
For those whose lives are crowded now with care;
I'll help to lift them from their low despair,
When I have time.

When I have time the friend I love so well,
Shall know no more these weary, toiling days,
I'll lead her feet in pleasant paths always,
And cheer her heart with words of sweetest praise,
When I have time.

When you have time the friend you hold so dear,
May be beyond the reach of all your sweet intent,
May never know that you so kindly meant
To fill her life with sweet content,
When you have time.

Now is the time. Ah, friend, no longer wait
To scatter loving smiles and words of cheer
To those around whose lives are now so drear,
They may not heed you in the coming year—
Now is the time.

ANON.

MICHAEL IVANOWITCH

'TWAS when on Bonaparte's bright star there dawned
that fateful hour
That checked the tyrant's mad pursuit of conquest
and of power:
To "holy" Moscow's empty walls the baffled con-
queror came
To face no foe of flesh and blood, but one of ice and
flame.
Now, when from Moscow's burning walls the Russians
all have fled,
Why lingers still Ivanowitch among those scenes so
dread?
A soldier, handsome, young, and brave, and faithful
to the Czar,
Michael Ivanowitch had fought with honour in the
war;
His country and his king he loved, but even than
these more dear
Was one whose sweet and gracious voice was ever in
his ear,
Whose eyes were his lodestars, whose heart to him in
love was given,
Who seemed to his all-partial eyes the fairest under
Heaven.
But now this loved one dying lay, torn by a bursting
shell,
And Michael's hatred of the foe burned like the fire
of hell.

Sitting in anguish by her side, what cared he to go free;
Dear were his life and liberty, but dearer far was she.
Thus lonely, in the midst of foes, while all around had fled,
He sat amid those awful scenes beside her dying bed.
"Michael," she whispered, lovingly, in accents weak and faint,
"Go, fetch me from the village priest the picture of a saint,
A holy picture, love, and hold it to my lips, that I
May kiss it, be absolved from sin, and so in peace may die."
He placed a kiss upon her brow, then stole out on his quest.
While grief, despair, and hatred made a turmoil in his breast.
Through buried and deserted streets, in the cold and silent night,
His rapid footsteps bore him till the priest's house came in sight.
The priest had fled, driven from his home by the invading foe;
And Michael, through the casement saw, lit by the firelight's glow,
Recumbent forms of armed men, who wrapped in slumber lay
Upon the matted floor: one prayer for help did Michael pray,
Then with tense nerves and beating heart, he entered silently,
And through the sleeping figures thrid his way, until his eye
Fell on the picture of a saint that hung upon the wall;
He seized it, hid it 'neath his cloak—when suddenly the fall
Of some embers from the fire awoke a sleeper from his rest,
And ere Ivanowitch could flee, French swords were at his breast,

And fierce-faced men around him stood, who shouted
"Traitor!" "Spy!"
"Move not a step: lift not a hand: or, by the gods,
you die!"
But Michael, quailing not, replied, "No traitor here
you see,
Nor spy: on peaceful errand bent, I pray you set me
free."
"What's that beneath your cloak?" they sneered.
Then speaking low and faint,
As slowly from its folds he took the picture of the saint,
He said, "The woman whom I love is dying: cruel fate!
And her dying lips would kiss it; let me pass ere 'tis
too late."
"A likely tale!" they laughed; and "Shoot the
Russian dog!" some cried,
But "Stay!" their captain said. "He may be useful
as our guide,"
Then turning to Ivanowitch, "Your life is ours, you
know,
But France has need of soldiers: come, no longer be
our foe,
Swear allegiance to Napoleon, save your life, and take
this gold!"
But proudly Michael answered them, "My honour is
not sold!
Deal with my life as ye have power, my faith's a
sacred thing,
Ye cannot make me traitor to my country and my
king!"
Nor bribes nor threats could move him. Then the
Frenchman, with a sneer,
Replied, "So staunch: but we shall find a way yet,
never fear!
Bring me the branding-iron!" So they made the iron
hot,
And brought it to their captain. On either cheek a
bright red spot

Burned on the Russian's face, yet no sign of fear he gave,
But looked upon those cruel men with visage stern and grave.
They seized his arm, and on the quivering flesh of his left hand,
The letter "N," Napoleon's sign, burned with the fiery brand,
Then flung him free, and while he wiped the anguish from his brow,
Laughed in his face—"No more the Czar's: you are Napoleon's now!"
One moment only did he show the rage and pain he felt.
Then seized the sharp and gleaming axe suspended from his belt,
And with the lightning's swiftness, ere they guessed of his design,
Had severed from the wrist the hand that bore the hateful sign,
And flung the bleeding fragment at the captain of hussars—
"There! take what is your Emperor's; I am heart and soul the Czar's!"

Silent a space the Frenchman stood, confounded and abashed,
Then, from his eyes, unused to tears, the falling moisture dashed,
And said, "Forgive me! let me bind your bleeding wrist for you:
Our Emperor himself were proud of hearts so brave and true;
Farewell, my brother! May we meet in better cheer some day!"
And the Frenchmen's plaudits rent the air as Michael took his way.
Back to the dying girl he went, to kneel by her bedside,
And hold the picture to her lips; that night in peace she died.

And Michael on the morrow, though maimed and anguished, sought
Once more his place within the ranks, and for his country fought,
And fought so bravely that the land rung with the hero's fame,
And mothers taught their babes to lisp Ivanowitch's name;
And the story of his faithfulness was rumoured near and far,
And special honour paid to him by order of the Czar.

ALEX. SMALL.

By kind permission of the Author.

ONE OF THE LITTLE ONES

'TWAS a crowded street, and a cry of joy
Came from a ragged, barefoot boy;
A cry of eager and glad surprise,
And he opened wide his great black eyes
As he held before him a coin of gold
He had found in a heap of rubbish—lost
By the curbstone there. The passers-by
Paused at hearing that joyous cry,
As if 'twere a heavenly chime that rung,
Or a note from some angel song had been sung
There in the midst of the hurry and din
That raged in the city's heart within;
And they wondered to hear that song of grace
Sung in such strange unusual place.
As ofttimes into a dungeon deep
Some ray of sunlight perchance will creep,
So did that innocent childish cry
Break on the masses of passers-by,
Bidding them all at once forget
Stock quotations and tax and fret,
And the thousand cares which are rife,
The daily rounds of a business life.

"How it sparkles!" the youngster cried,
As the golden piece he eagerly eyed.
"Oh, see it shine," and he laughed aloud,
Little heeding the curious crowd
That gathered round. "Hullo," said he,
"How glad my poor mother will be.
I'll buy her a brand-new Sunday hat,
And a pair of shoes for Nell at that,
And Baby sister shall have a dress;
There will be enough for all, I guess."
"Here," said a surly voice,—
"That money's mine. You can take your choice
Of giving it up or going to jail."
The youngster trembled and then turned pale.
And he looked and saw before him stand
A burly drayman with outstretched hand;
Rough and uncouth was the fellow's face,
And without a single line or trace
Of the goodness that seeks the world akin;
"Come, be quick, or I'll take you in."
"For shame," said the listening crowd.
"The money's mine," he blustered out,
"I lost it yesterday, here about;
I don't want nothing but what's my own
And I'm going to have it." The lad alone
Was silent. A tear stood in his eye,
But he brushed it away, he would not cry.
"Here, master," he answered, "take it then,
If it's yours, it's yours—if it hadn't been—"
A sob told all he would have said
Of the hope now so suddenly fled.
He dropped the glittering piece of gold
Into the other's hand. Once more
He sighed, and his dream of wealth was o'er.
But, no. Humanity had a heart,
Always ready to take the part
Of childish sorrow, wherever found.
"Let's make up a purse," the word went round

Through the kindly crowd, and a hat was passed,
And the coins came falling thick and fast.
"Here, sonny, take this," they said.—Behold!
Full twice as much as the piece of gold
He had given up was in the hand
Of the urchin; he could not understand
It all. The tears came thick and fast,
And his grateful heart found voice at last.
But, lo! when he spoke, the crowd had gone,
Left him in gratitude there alone.
Who'll say there is not some sweet goodwill
And kindness left in the cold world still?

ANON.

AN OLD SWEETHEART OF MINE

As one who cons at evening o'er an album all alone,
And muses on the faces of the friends that he has known,
So I turn the leaves of Fancy, till, in shadowy design,
I find the smiling features of an old sweetheart of mine.

The lamplight seems to glimmer with a flicker of surprise,
As I turn it low, to rest me of the dazzle in my eyes,
And light my pipe in silence, save a sigh that seems to yoke
Its fate with my tobacco, and to vanish with the smoke

'Tis a fragrant retrospection, for the loving thoughts that start
Into being are like perfumes from the blossom of the heart;

And to dream the old dreams over is a luxury divine,
When my truant fancies wander with that old sweetheart of mine.

Though I hear, beneath my study, like the fluttering of wings,
The voices of my children and the mother as she sings,
I feel no twinge of conscience to deny me any theme
When Care has cast her anchor in the harbour of a dream.

In fact, to speak in earnest, I believe it adds a charm
To spice the good a trifle with a little dust of harm;
For I find an extra flavour in Memory's mellow wine,
That makes me drink the deeper to that old sweetheart of mine.

A face of lily beauty, with a form of airy grace,
Floats out of my tobacco as the genii from the vase;
And I thrill beneath the glances of a pair of azure eyes
As glowing as the summer and as tender as the skies.

I can see the pink sun-bonnet and the little checkered dress
She wore when first I kissed her, and she answered the caress
With the written declaration that, "as surely as the vine
Grew round the stump," she loved me—that old sweetheart of mine!

And again I feel the pressure of her slender little hand,
As we used to talk together of the future we had planned:
When I should be a poet, and with nothing else to do
But write the tender verses that she set the music to;

When we should live together in the cosy little cot,
Hid in a nest of roses, with a fairy garden spot,
Where the vines were ever fruited, and the weather ever fine,
And the birds were ever singing for that old sweetheart of mine;

And I should be her lover for ever and a day,
And she my faithful sweetheart till the golden hair was grey;
And we should be so happy that when either's lips were dumb
They would not smile in heaven till the other's kiss had come.

But—ah! my dream is broken by a step upon the stair
And the door is softly opened, and my wife is standing there!
Yet with eagerness and rapture all my visions I resign
To greet the lively presence of that old sweetheart of mine!

JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY.

THE MAIDEN MARTYR

A TROOP of soldiers waited at the door,
A crowd of people gathered in the street,
Aloof a little from the sabres bared,
Which flashed into their faces.

Then the door
Was opened, and two women meekly stepped
Into the sunshine of the sweet May-noon
Out of the prison—one was weak and old,
A woman full of years and full of woes;
The other was a maiden in her morn.

The troop moved on; and down the sunny street
The people followed, ever falling back
As in their faces flashed the naked blades;
But in the midst the women simply went
As if they two were walking side by side
Up to God's House on some still Sabbath morn,
Only they were not clad for Sabbath day,
But as they went about their daily tasks
They went to prison, and they went to death
Upon their Master's service.

On the shore
The troopers halted, all the shining sands
Lay bare and glistening; for the tide had drawn
Back to its fullest margin's weedy mark,
And each succeeding wave, with flash and curve
That seemed to mock the sabres on the shore,
Drew nearer by a sand breadth.

It will be
A long day's work, murmured those murderous men
As they slacked rein—the leaders of the troop

Dismounting, and the people passing near
To hear the pardon proferred with the oath
Renouncing and abjuring part with all
The persecuted, covenanted folk;
And both refused the oath—"Because," they said,
"Unless with Christ's dear servants we have part
We have no part with Him."

On this they took
The elder one and led her out
Over the sliding sands, the weedy sludge,
The pebbly shoals, far out, and fastened her
Unto the furtherest stake, already reached
By every rising wave; and left her there
As the waves crept about her feet, in prayer
That He would firm uphold her in their midst
Who holds them in the hollow of His hand.

The tide flowed in, and up and down the shore
There paced the Provost, and the Laird of Lag—
Grim Grierson—with Windram and with Graham;
And the rough soldiers jested, with rude oaths,
As in the midst the maiden meekly stood,
Waiting her doom delayed—said she would turn
Before the tide—seek refuge in their arms
From the chill waves—but ever to her lips
There came the wondrous words of life and peace,
"If God be for us, who can be against,
Who shall divide us from the love of Christ?
Nor height—nor depth."

A voice from the crowd,
A woman's voice, a very bitter cry—
"O Margaret! my bonnie Margaret,
Gie in, gie in—oh, dinna break my heart,
Gie in, and take the oath."

Her mother's voice yet sounding in her ears,
They turned young Margaret's face towards the sea
And round the shoreward stake
The tide stood ankle deep.

Then Grierson,
With cursing, vowed that he would wait no more,
And to the stake the soldiers led her down
And tied her hands; and round her slender waist
Too roughly cast the rope, for Windram came
And eased it, while he whispered in her ear,
"Come, take the test"—and one cried "Margaret,
Say but 'God save the king'"—"God save the king,
Of His great grace," she answered,
But the oath she would not take.

And still the tide flowed in
And drove the people back, and silenced them;
The tide flowed in, and rising to her knee,
She sang the psalm—"To Thee I lift my soul";
The tide flowed in, and rising to her waist,
"To Thee, my God, I lift my soul," she sang;
And the tide flowed, and rising to her throat
She sang no more, but lifted up her face,
And there was glory over all the sky,
And there was glory over all the sea,
A flood of glory—and the lifted face
Swam in it, till it bowed beneath the flood,
And Scotland's Maiden Martyr went to God.

Recorder.

THE WHITE PAGE

YOU have written so much in the year gone by,
But what shall be written to-day
Of the tower you tried to build to the sky,
Or the ladder that crumbled away?

That record is closed, and a new one begun,
Let the past die without a moan,
You have learned, if the battle of life may be won,
That each spirit must struggle alone.

Why burnish your weapons for some future need?
Be ready for combat to-day,
Do not wait till to-morrow to pray and to plead,
There is only this moment to pray.

Write, write on the page so unsullied and pure,
Some message of hope and of cheer,
That the loneliest life may take heart, and be sure
That the Father's great love is near.

Be true to your mission, nor put from your mind
The comforting word you might say,
To-morrow may prove far too late to be kind,
Will you waste all your chances to-day?

Work, work is the edict of God for us all,
Be eager to work and obey,
For death will not wait when the summons shall call,
Are you ready to hear it to-day?

HARRIET KENDALL.

By kind permission of the Authoress

NOT UNDERSTOOD

NOT understood. We move along asunder;
Our paths grow wider as the seasons creep
Along the years; we marvel and we wonder
Why life is life, and then we fall asleep—
Not understood.

Not understood. We gather false impressions
And hug them closer as the years go by,
Till virtues often seem to us transgressions;
And thus men rise and fall and live and die—
Not understood.

Not understood. Poor souls with stunted vision
Oft measure giants by the narrow gauge,
The poisoned shafts of falsehood and derision
Are oft impelled 'gainst those who mould the age—
Not understood.

Not understood. The secret springs of action
Which lie beneath the surface and the show
Are disregarded. With self-satisfaction
We judge our neighbours, and they often go—
Not understood.

Not understood. How trifles often change us.
The thoughtless sentence or the fancied slight
Destroy long years of friendship and estrange us,
And on our souls there falls a freezing blight—
Not understood.

Not understood. How many breasts are aching
For lack of sympathy. Ah, day by day,
How many cheerless, lonely hearts are breaking!
How many noble spirits pass away—
Not understood.

O God! that men would see a little clearer,
Or judge less harshly when they cannot see!
O God! that men would draw a little nearer
To one another!—they'd be nearer Thee,
And understood.

THOMAS BRACKEN.

DOCTOR DAN'S SECRET

A HEARTY old man is Doctor Dan,
As any in Romford Town,
With his cheery grin, and his threefold chin,
And his jolly old shining crown.
And friends who have proved what his quarters are,
Right willingly stay to dine,
They have faith in his cook and his old cigar,
And his bottle of vintage wine.
"It's a queer little crib," says Doctor Dan,
"But cosy enough for a single man."

As they lounge at ease and toast their knees,
The host, with a laugh, will say,
"My kingdom's small, but over it all
I reign with a despot sway.
No serious dame may freeze my joke
With a glance of her awful eye,
Nor cough rebuke from a cloud of smoke,
Nor slip the decanter by.
I grieve in my heart," says Doctor Dan,
"For that poor white slave, the married man."

But as soon as the last good-bye is said,
And he fears not ring nor knock,
He walks to his desk with a solemn tread,
And quietly turns the lock.
The tear-mists rise in his brave blue eyes,
As he stands and gazes there.
It is gold—bright gold—in his hand that lies,
But the gold of a lost love's hair.
"It was only a dream," says Doctor Dan,
"But the waking has left me a lonely man.'

FREDERICK LANGBRIDGE.

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A FRIEND TO MAN

THERE are hermit souls that live withdrawn
In the place of their self-content;
There are souls like stars that dwell apart
In the fellowless firmament;
There are pioneer souls that blaze a path
Where highways never ran.
Let me live in a house by the side of the road
And be a friend to man.

Let me live in a house by the side of the road,
Where the race of men go by—
The men that are good, the men that are bad,
As good and as bad as I.
Then why should I sit in the scorner's seat,
Or hurl the cynic's ban?
Let me live in a house by the side of the road
And be a friend to man.

I see from my house by the side of the road,
By the side of the highway of life,
The men that press on with the ardour of hope,
And the men that are faint with the strife.
And I turn not away from their smiles and their tears,—
Both parts of an Infinite plan.
Let me live in a house by the side of the road
And be a friend to man.

I know there are brook-gladdened meadows ahead,
And mountains of wearisome height,
That the road stretches on through the long afternoon
And passes away to the night.

Yet still I rejoice when the travellers rejoice,
And weep with the strangers that moan;
Nor live in my house by the side of the road
Like a man that lives alone.

Let me live in a house by the side of the road,
Where the race of men go by.
They are good, they are bad, they are weak, they are strong,
Wise, foolish; so am I.
Then why should I sit in the scorner's seat
Or hurl the cynic's ban?
Let me live in a house by the side of the road
And be a friend to man.

From "The British Weekly." By kind permission of the Editor.

THE HIGHWAYMAN

PART I.

THE wind was a torrent of darkness among the gusty trees,
The moon was a ghostly galleon tossed upon cloudy seas,
The road was a ribbon of moonlight over the purple moor,
And the highwayman came riding,
Riding—riding,
The highwayman came riding, up to the old inn door.

He'd a French cocked-hat on his forehead, a bunch of lace at his chin,
A coat of claret velvet, and breeches of brown doe-skin,

They fitted with never a wrinkle, his boots were up
to the thigh,
And he rode with a jewelled twinkle,
His pistol-butts a twinkle,
His rapier hilt a twinkle, under the jewelled sky.

Over the cobbles he clattered and clanged in the
dark inn yard,
And he tapped with his whip on the shutters, but all
was locked and barred,
He whistled a tune to the window, and who should
be waiting there
But the landlord's black-eyed daughter,
Bess, the landlord's daughter,
Plaiting a dark red love-knot into her long black hair.

And dark in the dark old inn yard a stable wicket
creaked,
Where Jim the ostler listened, his face was white and
peaked,
His eyes were hollows of madness, his hair like
mouldy hay,
But he loved the landlord's daughter,
The landlord's red-lipped daughter—
Dumb as a dog he listened, and he heard the robber
say:

"One kiss, my bonnie sweetheart, I'm after a prize
to-night,
But I shall be back with the yellow gold before the
morning light,
Yet if they press me sharply, and harry me through
the day,
Then look for me by moonlight,
Watch for me by moonlight,
I'll come to thee by moonlight, though hell should
bar the way."

He rose upright in the stirrups, he scarce could reach
her hand,
But she loosened her hair i' the casement, his face
burnt like a brand
As the black cascade of perfume came tumbling over
his breast,
And he kissed its waves in the moonlight,
Oh, sweet black waves in the moon-
light,
Then he tugged at his rein in the moonlight, and
galloped away to the West.

Part II.

He did not come in the dawning, he did not come at
noon,
And out of the tawny sunset, before the rise of the
moon,
When the road was a gipsy's ribbon looping the
purple moor,
A red coat troop came marching,
Marching—marching,
King George's men came marching, up to the old
inn door.

They said no word to the landlord, they drank his
ale instead,
But they gagged his daughter and bound her to the
post of her narrow bed,
Two of them knelt at her casement, with muskets at
their side,
There was death at every window,
And hell at one dark window,
For Bess could see through her casement the road
that he would ride.

They had tied her up to attention, with many a sniggering jest,
They had bound a musket beside her, with the barrel beneath her breast,
Now keep good watch! And they kissed her— She heard the dead man say,
"Look for me by moonlight,
Watch for me by moonlight,
I'll come to thee by moonlight, though hell should bar the way."

She twisted her hands behind her, but all the knots held good,
She writhed her hands till her fingers were wet with sweat or blood,
They stretched and strained in the darkness, and the hours crawled by like years,
Till now on the stroke of midnight,
Cold on the stroke of midnight,
The tip of one finger touched it—the trigger at least was hers.

The tip of one finger touched it, she strove no more for the rest,
Up she stood to attention, with the barrel beneath her breast.
She would not risk their hearing; she would not strive again,
For the road lay bare in the moonlight,
Blank and bare in the moonlight,
And the blood of her veins in the moonlight throbbed to her love refrain.

Tlot tlot—tlot tlot—had they heard it, the horse hoofs ringing clear,
Tlot tlot—tlot tlot in the distance, were they deaf that they did not hear?

Down the ribbon of moonlight, over the brow of the hill,
The highwayman came riding,
Riding—riding,
The red coats looked to their priming—she stood up straight and still.

Tlot tlot on the frosty silence, tlot tlot in the echoing night,
Nearer he came and nearer—her face was like a light,
Her eyes grew wide for a moment, she drew one last deep breath,
Then her finger moved in the moonlight,
Her musket shattered the moonlight,
Shattered her breast in the moonlight, and warned him—with her death.

He turned, he spurred to the westward, he did not know who stood,
Bowed with her head on the musket, drenched with her own red blood,
Not till the dawn he heard it, and slowly blanched to hear
How Bess, the landlord's daughter,
The landlord's black-eyed daughter,
Had watched for her love in the moonlight, and died in the darkness there.

Back he spurred like a madman, shrieking a curse to the sky,
With the white road smoking behind him, and his rapier brandished high,
Blood red were his spurs in the golden noon, wine red was his velvet coat,
When they shot him down on the highway,
Down like a dog on the highway,
And he lay in his blood on the highway, with a bunch of lace at his throat.

And still of a winter's night they say when the wind
is in the trees,
When the moon is a ghostly galleon, tossed upon
cloudy seas,
When the road is a ribbon of moonlight over the
purple moor,
A highwayman comes riding,
Riding—riding,
A highwayman comes riding, up to the old inn door.

Over the cobbles he clatters and clangs, in the dark
inn yard,
And he taps with his whip on the shutters, but all is
locked and barred,
He whistles a tune to the window, and who should
be waiting there,
But the landlord's black-eyed daughter,
Bess, the landlord's daughter,
Plaiting a dark red love-knot into her long dark hair.

ALFRED NOYES.

By kind permission of the Author.

THE PORTRAIT

MIDNIGHT past! Not a sound of aught thro' the silent house, but the wind at his prayers. I sat by the dying fire and thought of the dear, dead woman upstairs. A night of tears! for the gusty rain had ceased, but the leaves dripping yet; and the moon looked forth as tho' in pain, with her face all white and wet. Nobody with me my watch to keep, but the friend of my bosom, the man I love: and grief had sent him fast to sleep in the chamber up above. Nobody else in the country place all around, that

knew of my loss beside, but the good young Priest with the Raphael-face who confess'd her when she died. That good young Priest is of gentle nerve, and my grief had moved him beyond control; for his lip grew white, as I could observe, when he speeded her parting soul.

I sat by the dreary hearth alone; I thought of the pleasant days of yore; I said, "The staff of my life is gone: the woman I love is no more. Gem-clasped on her bosom my portrait lies, which next to her heart she used to wear—it is steeped in the light of her loving eyes, and the sweets of her bosom and hair." And I said, "The thing is precious to me: they will bury her soon in the churchyard clay: it lies on her heart, and lost must be, if I do not take it away." I lighted my lamp at the dying flame, and crept up the stairs that creak'd for fright, till into the chamber of death I came, where she lay all in white. The moon shone over her winding sheet. There stark she lay on her carven bed; seven burning tapers about her feet and seven about her head.

As I stretched my hand, I held my breath; I turn'd, as I drew the curtains apart: I dared not look on the face of death: I knew where to find her heart. I thought at first as my touch fell there it had warmed that heart to life with love; for the thing I touched was warm, I swear, and I could feel it move.

'Twas the hand of a man that was moving slow o'er the heart of the dead—from the other side: and at once the sweat broke over my brow,—"Who is robbing the corpse?" I cried. Opposite me, by the tapers' light, the friend of my bosom, the man I loved, stood over the corpse, and all as white, and neither of us moved.

"What do you here, my friend?"

The man looked first at me, then at the dead.

"There is a portrait here," he began.

"There is—it is mine," I said.

Said the friend of my bosom, "Yours, no doubt, the portrait was till a month ago, when this suffering angel took that out and placed mine there I know."

"This woman—she loved me well," said I.

"A month ago," said my friend to me.

"And in your throat," I groaned, "you lie."

He answered—"Let us see."

"Enough," I returned, "let the dead decide; and whose-soever the portrait prove, his shall it be when the cause is tried where Death is arraigned by Love."

We found the portrait there in its place: we opened it by the tapers' shine: the gems were all unchanged: the face was—neither his nor mine.

"One nail drives out another, at least! the portrait is not ours," I cried, "but our friend's the Raphael-faced young Priest who confess'd her when she died."

OWEN MEREDITH.

THE WATER-MILL

LISTEN to the water-mill, all the livelong day,
How the creaking of the wheels wears the hours away.
Languidly the water glides, useless on and still,
Never coming back again to that water-mill.
And the proverb haunts my mind like a spell that's cast,—
The mill will never grind with the water that has passed.

Take the lesson to yourselves, loving hearts and true,
Golden years are fleeting by, youth is fleeting too.—

Try to make the most of life, lose no honest way,
Time will never bring again chances passed away.
Leave no tender word unsaid, love while life shall last,—
The mill will never grind with the water that has passed.

Work while yet the daylight shines, man of strength and will,
Never does the streamlet glide useless by the mill,
Wait not till to-morrow's sun beams upon your way,
All that you can call your own lies in this to-day.
Power, intellect, and strength, may not, cannot last,—
The mill will never grind with the water that has passed.

Oh! the wasted hours of life that have drifted by!
Oh! the good we might have done lost without a sigh!
Love that we might once have saved with but a single word,
Thoughts conceived but never penned, perishing unheard.
Take this lesson to your heart, take, oh! hold it fast,—
The mill will never grind with the water that has passed.

Oh, love thy God and fellow-man, thyself consider last,
For come it will when thou must scan dark errors of the past.
Soon will this fight of life be o'er, and earth recede from view,
And heaven in all its glory shine, where all is pure and true.
Ah, then thou'lt see more clearly still the proverb deep and vast,—
The mill will never grind again with the water that has passed.

SARAH DOUDNEY.

THE TELEGRAM

A DRAMATIC RECITATION

The Reciter enters with an unopened telegram in one hand and five playing cards in the other.

Oh, bother this plaguy telegram, say I,
Interrupting a man in his hours of play;
The game was mine, I saw with half an eye,
I haven't held such cards for many a day.

Whence comes this wire? Ah, that's the puzzling question—
An invite from Smith for supper to-night?
Of all my chums Smith's without doubt the best 'un;
But perhaps the telegram's from Polly White—

'Twould be just like Miss Polly's cheek to send it,
A few fond phrases running—"Dearest Freddy,
I need a fiver badly. Will you lend it?"
(I'm head o'er ears in debt for her already.)

You sombre-coloured missive, I'm loth to gauge
Your contents, whether they be grave or funny.
You may be from my tailor, wiring in a rage
To say he'll wait no longer for his money.

By Jove! What if it comes from home? From dad,
Informing me in language curt and chilling—
"Reports have reached me that you're going to the bad;
I cut you off with the proverbial shilling.

Well, I'll open it. From home? Why, so it is!
(No doubt the usual paternal warning
To mend my ways.) Oh, mercy! What is this?
"*Your father died here suddenly this morning.*"

My father dead! My father dead! And I not near
To smooth the pillow for his lifeless head;
Not near the last words of his kindly voice to hear,
Or ask forgiveness for the life I've led.

"*Died suddenly this morning!*" Stay! that's not all,
('Tis said, when sorrows come they come apace),
And further evil tidings end this scrawl—
"*The firm has failed. Ruin stares us in the face.*"

My widowed mother—my gentle sisters, too,
Bereaved and beggared in the house of grief,
Where nothing but the dead belongs to you—
Oh, could I but bring them comfort or relief.

How can the reckless spendthrift hope to stem
The tide which Death and Fate have both set rolling?
What help, what solace can I offer them
Beyond a feeble effort at condoling?

But no—I'll not despair. I see a way
That for my vices past I may atone,
For through this dual sorrow shines a ray
By which the path of duty's clearly shown.

Mother and sisters, *you* shall be my care,
I'll toil for you, nor deem e'en drudgery base;
Of my dear father's name I'm still the heir—
No more that honoured name will I disgrace.

Upon the threshold of another life I stand,
A life of work from which I shall not shrink
I'll toil for those I love with brain and hand,
Forgetting self, I'll now for others think.

So all my boon companions fare-you-well,
Farewell ye playthings of a wasted past.
(*Tears the cards in pieces and throws them aside.*)
With heaven's help my future life shall tell
Of many nights of folly this proved the last.

AITKEN MURRAY.

By kind permission of the Author, and of the Publishers of the "People's Friend."

EVELYN HOPE

BEAUTIFUL Evelyn Hope is dead!
Sit and watch by her side an hour,
That is her book-shelf, this her bed;
She plucked that piece of geranium flower,
Beginning to die too in the glass;
Little has yet been changed, I think:
The shutters are shut, no light may pass
Save two long rays thro' the hinge's chink.

Sixteen years old when she died!
Perhaps she had scarcely heard my name;
It was not her time to love: beside,
Her life had many a hope and aim;
Duties enough and little cares,
And now was quiet, now astir,
Till God's hand beckoned unawares,—
And the sweet white brow is all of her.

Is it too late, then, Evelyn Hope?
What, your soul was pure and true,
The good stars met in your horoscope
Made you of spirit, fire, and dew—
And, just because I was thrice as old,
And our paths in the world diverged so wide,
Each was nought to each, must I be told?
We were fellow-mortals, nought beside?

No, indeed! for God above
Is great to grant, as mighty to make,
And creates the love to reward the love:
I claim you still, for my own love's sake!
Delayed it may be for more lives yet,
Through worlds I shall traverse, not a few:
Much is to learn, much to forget
Ere the time be come for taking you.

But the time will come—at last it will,
When, Evelyn Hope, what meant (I shall say)
In the lower earth, in the years long still,
That body and soul so pure and gay?
Why your hair was amber, I shall divine,
And your mouth of your own geranium's red—
And what you would do with me, in fine,
In the new life come in the old one's stead.

I have lived (I shall say) so much since then,
Given up myself so many times,
Gained me the gains of various men,
Ransacked the ages, spoiled the climes;
Yet one thing, one, in my soul's full scope,
Either I missed or itself missed me:
And I want and find you, Evelyn Hope!
What is the issue? let us see!

I loved you, Evelyn, all the while.
My heart seemed full as it could hold—
There was place and to spare for the frank young smile,
And the red young mouth, and the hair's young gold.

So, hush—I will give you this leaf to keep:
See, I shut it inside the sweet cold hand!
There, that is our secret: go to sleep!
You will wake, and remember, and understand.

ROBERT BROWNING.

JUNIPER JEM

YES! steeplechasing is stirring sport—and the most exciting events of all
Are at Burlingham Park, when the field is large, and the ditches deep and the fences tall;
And I for one shall never forget—till my brain is blurred and my eyes are dim,
The day that Dot and Go One was steered by an infant hero—Juniper Jem!

Robert Roper was down to ride, and we'd backed his mount, for he knew the course,
And, Gad! he'd have managed to romp in first if they put him up on a rocking-horse!
But out of the paddock the horses filed—and a murmur ran: "It is Roper's son!
Why, where the dickens can Robert be, that he's not in charge of Dot and Go One?"

And the devotees of "The Ring and the Book" said
many a swear as they saw the lad:
While some declared that the bets were off; and all
considered the outlook bad.
For Dot and Go One—though a grand old gee—was
a trifle groggy in wind and limb,
And we feared he would never run up to his form,
with a child on his back like Juniper Jem.

Now, Roper, it happened, was under a cloud, and the
Stewards had given him notice to quit,
For a little artistic "arrangement in oils" he'd
endeavoured to paint on the favourite's bit.
"They might ha' waited!" his trainer cried, "and
warned him off when the race was run,
For where's the party to take his place, and perform
as pilot to Dot and Go One?"

And the silence answered—for no one spoke, till—
just as the last faint hope had gone—
Came a chit of seven, and said: "I'll try! I am only
a child, but—I can stick on!
See, I've donned my father's jacket and cap—his
cords encircle my legs so slim,
They are undersized, I was nursed on gin—which is
why they call me Juniper Jem.

"But, in spite of my size and my tender years,
though I've seldom been on a horse before,
I'll keep in the saddle, whatever befalls—and the
finest horseman can do no more!
And the simple boon I crave of you, when the post is
past and my duty done,
Is—my father's pardon!" "A bargain, boy!" so
they hoisted him up on Dot and Go One.

He has come into line with the pick of the field; with
the chestnut, the bay, and the strawberry roan,
The Stiff'un and Catsmeat, Polonia's Pride, and
Titupping Tommy and Second Trombone.
Now they're off with a jump at the fall of the flag, and
the heather-topped hurdles they airily skim;
But the boy! like a leech to the pigskin he sticks!
And we shout to him, "Bravo, Juniper Jem."

One's down! it is Catsmeat, she's made a mistake—
she has touched her timber, she's into the ditch!
See, little Bill Larrup is getting the lead, and urging
the Stiff'un with spur and with switch,
But we haven't the heart to look at the child—why,
it's Gunter's shop to a penny bun
We shall see him off at the water-jump!—for he
doesn't seem happy on Dot and Go One!

They are close at it now, and his stirrups are lost—
and—merciful powers! what is he about?
There! what did I tell you? the pair of 'em in—and
it's odds if a pair of 'em ever come out!
But—wonder of wonders! look—Dot and Go One
has scrambled out—and on top of him,
Damp and draggled, but sticking tight, like a game
little limpet, is Juniper Jem!

Coughing and wheezing they canter on; there's an
awkward post and rails to be passed,
See, the Stiff 'un has shirked—he refuses . . . twice—
and the second time little Bill Larrup is grassed.
'Tis the boy's turn now—and we hold our breath, and we
watch for the daylight. . . By Jove! there's none
'Twixt the baggy buckskins of Juniper Jem and the
slippery saddle of Dot and Go One!

And the gallant grey is galumphing on, like the scion
true of a rare old stock,
(For isn't he brother to Creepie Stool, and stable
companion to Golden Crock?).
There's a brook in front—but he plunges in and
strikes out boldly—he's game to swim,
And he's shaking himself on the opposite side—but he
can't shake off young Juniper Jem!

There are only a couple ahead of him now, and he
shambles up with his raking stride;
And the poor old Trombone's beginning to blow, as
he pants in the rear of Polonia's Pride.
She is over the five-foot fence like a frog—but the
Trombone's down, and out of the fun;
Now, cram him at it, Juniper Jem! Well, he's done
it somehow, on Dot and Go One!

One more—and the finish. They're neck and neck.
Why, hang it all—they will muff the mound!
Polonia's Pride goes down on her knees, and our
noble grey has his nose to the ground!
But he's up the first—with the boy on his back,
though we cannot call his condition trim,
And he certainly has a peculiar seat—but he sticks
to the saddle, does Juniper Jem!

There's a roar from the ring and a shout from the
stand, as they bucket by with a final burst;
For the mare is beaten by half a head, and the clever
old grey is home the first!
And the crowd are cheering the pallid child, as he
capless sits in the burning sun,
"Hip, hip, hooray! for the infant pluck that has
scored a win with Dot and Go One."

But the boy replies with a gentle smile: "I thank
you all—I have done my part,
Now I claim the guerdon—a father's name is dear
indeed to his offspring's heart!"
And the very Stewards are softened now, and the
unshed tears to their eyelids brim,
And they pardon Roper his little ruse, for the sake
of their promise to Juniper Jem.

Then we all of us rush to embrace the lad, and to lift
him down—but we strain our backs!
And the child explains, with a simple glee, that he's
rubbed the saddle with cobbler's wax.
"With such a precaution," the cynic sneers, "what
danger was there—to seek or shun?"
Well—the answer to that is—Try it yourself—at
Burlingham Park on Dot and Go One!

F. ANSTEY.

By kind permission of the Author, and of the Proprietors of "Punch."

"I DON'T CARE"

HE came when the roses were blowing,
And called me the fairest of fair,
He spoke of his love warm and glowing,
But I laughed and said,—"I don't care."

His eyes that were always so sparkling
Gazed in mine with a look of despair,
While with anguish his white brow was darkling,
Still I laughed and said.—"I don't care."

And there in the sunset he left me
Alone with my burden to bear,
It was as all feeling had left me,
For I laughed and said,—" I don't care."

I saw him, since, reading a letter,
He took out a soft tress of hair,
It clung to his hand like a fetter,
Still I laughed and said,—" I don't care."

Oh, how he did fondly caress it,
That was dark, my tresses are fair,
How oft to his lips he did press it,
Still I tried to say,— " I don't care."

When I opened my window this morning,
His wedding bells rang on the air,
And I thought of her happiness dawning;
I couldn't say—" I don't care."

For over my memory came stealing
My laugh and his look of despair,
And I cried, with my senses all reeling,
" God only knows how much I care."

ANON

GOOD-BYE—GOD BLESS YOU

I LIKE the Anglo-Saxon speech
With its direct revealings;
It takes a hold, and seems to reach
'Way down into your feelings.
That some folk deem it rude, I know,
And therefore they abuse it,
But I have never found it so—
Before all else I choose it.

I don't object that men should air
The Gallic they have paid for,
With *au revoir*, *adieu*, *ma chere*,
For that's what French was made for.
But when a crony takes your hand
At parting to address you,
He drops all foreign lingo, and
He says, Good-bye—God bless you.

This seems to me a sacred phrase
With reverence impassioned,
A thing come down from righteous days,
Quaintly but nobly fashioned.
It well becomes an honest face,
A voice that's round and cheerful,
It stays the sturdy in his place,
And soothes the weak and fearful.
Into the porches of the ears
It steals with subtle unction,
And in your heart of hearts appears
To work its gracious function.
And all day long with pleasing song
It lingers to caress you;
I'm sure no human heart goes wrong
That's told Good-bye—God bless you.

I love the words—perhaps because,
When I was leaving mother,
Standing at last in solemn pause,
We looked at one another.
And I—I saw in mother's eyes,
The love she could not tell me,
A love eternal as the skies
Whatever fate befell me.
She put her arms about my neck
And soothed the pain of leaving,
And though her heart was like to break
She spoke no word of grieving.

She let no tear bedim her eye
For fear that might distress me,
But, kissing me, she said good-bye,
And asked our God to bless me.

EUGENE FIELD.

THE RELIQUARY

I SHUT them away in a box,
Where nobody else can see,
And which nobody ever unlocks
But me.

It is night and the birds have flown,
It is quiet as quiet can be,
But there's one left singing alone
With me.

I am humming the old sweet songs
As I pick out the little spring key,
Which opens the box that belongs
To me.

And I spread out my treasures each one,
They're of no great value maybe,
But as dear as the light of the sun
To me.

There's a photo, a carte de visite
With a framing of filigree,
And with eyes than all others more sweet,
For me.

And then there are letters a few,
All bearing the monogram B,
They are old ones but evermore new
To me.

If a tear from a heart's love load,
Should fall on them, thinking of thee,
Well, nobody knows it but God
And me.

There are plenty of curious folks,
It's a curious world, you see,
But there's nobody opens that box
But me.

J. B. SELKIRK.

GOING HOME IN THE MORNING

A POOR little bird trilled a song in the west,
A poor little bird with a stain on its breast,
Beaten down by the rain and too weak for flight,
It fell in the city unseen in the night.
Out in the darkness, while passing, I heard
The wail of the poor little vagabond bird.
Being homeless myself, I hunted and found
The weak little vagrant stretched out on the ground.
I raised it, and gave it of all I possessed,
A warm, cosy shelter close up to my breast;
And I whispered: "Don't worry, rather whistle and sing,
You poor little innocent vagabond thing.
Very soon, now, the storm will have passed from the sky,
Very soon, too, the sun will be shining on high,
And you shall go home in the morning."

A broken-down man, then, was walking the street;
As I passed him I stayed for a moment my feet.
Cried the man: "It is hard! So many have health
And beauty and youth and pleasure and wealth!"
"My brother," said I, "I am seeking, like you,
For something to eat, for something to do;
Let us keep on our way, let us keep it together,
Through the cold and the mire and the pitiless weather,
Hoping still for the best; soon the night will be gone,
And after the night always cometh the dawn,
And we can go home in the morning."

The sky with the darkness was all overcast,
The snowflakes whirled down and clung to us fast.
How I fondled my bird—it had no one to love it;
Said the man: "This is bad, grows worse and more of it."
Then we found an old shed; when out under the lamp
Slowly drifted anigh us the form of a tramp.
To be out in the storm-blast! Ah, me! 'twas a sin!
So I stepped from the shelter, invited her in,
And took the poor babe without wasting of words,
And then, you'll perceive, I had two little birds.
And we all stood there hungry, haggard, and wan,
Awaiting in silence the coming of dawn,
So we could go home in the morning.

An hour ere dawn, being cold and a-shiver,
We moved all together a-down to the river.
Thus passing, the poor little bird from the west
Trilled a poor little song. It was doing its best

To help us along, and it tried hard to sing;
But being a famished and pitiful thing,
It skipped, now and then, a few bars, and a note
Died out, now and then, in its weak little throat.
The babe on my arm lay and listened awhile,
Then looked in my face with a wondering smile,
As out through my vest, that was ragged and torn,
Peeped the poor little bird, who thought it was morn,
And twittered, and looked at the child and its mother;
And the child and the bird grieved the one for the other,
And thought it was strange in a city of priests
Two such innocent things should be out in the streets.
Well, we passed on our way, a vagabond crew,
Yet I think in our hearts everyone of us knew
That we should go home in the morning.

We came to the ferry-house, stately and tall,
And crowded for warmth in the shade of the wall.
Then I saw, 'mid the dirt and the filth at my feet,
A small crust of bread lying out in the street;
I grasped it and gave to the woman; she smiled
And said: "It don't matter now, me and the child,
We are going home in the morning."

It was very near daybreak, I noticed at last
A streak like the dawn afar off in the east.
Then we moved all together, they loosened the bar,
We passed through the gates that were standing ajar;
Moved down the incline where, toward us afloat,
From over the river was drifting the boat.

We had nothing to pay, no passage, no fares,
For the houseless and homeless there's nobody cares;
With the bird and the child and the vagabond crew
I sailed from the shore, and I very well knew
Where we all should rejoice in the morning.

W. DOUGLAS.

JOHN FROST

O, MITHER, John Frost cam' yestreen, and ower a' the garden he's been—
He's on the kail stocks an' ma twa printed frocks that Mary left oot on the green yestreen—
John Frost fand them oot on the green.

An' he's been on the trees, the auld loon, an' heaps o' brown leaves shooken doon;
He's been fleein' a' night frae the dark to the light, an' missed nae a hoose in the toon.
The auld loon—he's missed nae a hoose in the toon.

An', mither, he's killed every flee, noo ane on the wa's ye'll no' see;
On the windows there's nane, for the last livin' ane fell doon frae the rafe in oor tea—
Puir thing, just drappit doon deed in oor tea.

An', mither, the path's frosted a'—if ye gang the least fast ye just fa';
Oh, ye ne'er saw sic fun! I got ae curran' bun, and wee Annie Kenzie got twa—
Daft wee thing, she just slade a wee bit an' got twa.

An' my auntie her een couldna close, for she said her
auld bluid he just froze;
He cam' in below the claes, an' he nippet oor taes, an'
he maist ta'en awa' Bobby's nose—
Puir wee man, sure he couldna do wantin' his
nose.

An' my uncle was chitterin' to daith, an' John Frost
wadna let him get braith,
An' the fire wadna heat uncle's twa starvin' feet, till
the soles o' his socks were burned baith—
Birselt broon, an' the reek comin' oot o' them baith.

But what brings John Frost here ava, wi' his frost an'
his cranreuch an' snaw?
It's a bonny like thing, he just wafft his lang wing,
an' a' oor wee flooers flew awa'—
Every ane, an' Ross's red dawlies an' a'.

An', mither, he gangs through the street just lookin'
for weans wi' bare feet,
An' he nips at their heels, an' the skin aff them peels,
an' thinks it's fine fun when they greet—
The auld loon, he nips them the mair when they
greet.

Wi' his capers the folks shouldna thole; d'ye ken?
he breathed in thro' a hole
Whare a wee lassie lay, and she dee't the next day,
an' they laid her doon in the kirk hole—
Puir wee lamb, an' covered her in the kirk hole.

But guess what my auntie telt me: she says the wee
weans when they dee
Flee awa ower the moon, an' need nae claes nor shoon,
to a place whare John Frost they'll ne'er see,
Far awa—to a place whare John Frost daurna be.

An' she says oor wee Katie gaed there, an' she'll
never be hoastin' nae mair;
Sure we'll gang there an' a'—we'll flee up an' no' fa',
An' we'll see her just in her wee chair, an' she'll lauch,
In her bonnie wee red-cushioned chair.

D. WINGATE.

IT MATTERS MUCH

IT matters little where I was born,
Or if my parents were rich or poor;
Whether they shrank from the cold world's scorn,
Or walked in the pride of wealth secure;
But whether I live an honest man,
And hold my integrity firm in my clutch,
I tell you, my brother, as plain as I can,
It matters much!

It matters little how long I stay
In a world of sorrow, sin, and care;
Whether in youth I am called away,
Or live till my bones and pate are bare:
But whether I do the best I can
To soften the weight of adversity's touch
On the faded cheek of my fellow-man,
It matters much!

It matters little where be my grave,
On the land or in the sea,
By purling brook or 'neath stormy wave,
It matters little or naught to me;
But whether the Angel of Death comes down
And marks my brow with his loving touch,
As one that shall wear the victor's crown,
It matters much!

From "The British Weekly,"
by kind permission of the Editor.

A LIFE LESSON

THERE, little girl, don't cry;
They have broken your doll, I know;
And your tea-set blue,
And your play-house too,
Are things of the long ago.
But childish troubles will soon pass by;
There, little girl, don't cry.

There, little girl, don't cry;
They have broken your slate, I know;
And the glad, wild ways
Of your school-girl days
Are things of the long ago.
But life and love will soon come by;
There, little girl, don't cry.

There, little girl, don't cry;
They have broken your heart, I know;
And the rainbow gleams
Of your youthful dreams
Are things of the long ago.
But heaven holds all for which you sigh;
There, little girl, don't cry.

J. W. RILEY.

TIME ENOUGH

I KNOW it is early morning,
And hope is calling aloud,
And your heart is afire with youth's desire,
To hurry along with the crowd.

But linger a bit by the roadside,
And lend a hand by the way,
'Tis a curious fact that a generous act,
Brings leisure and luck to a day.

I know it is only the noontime,
There is chance enough to be kind,
But the hours run fast when noon has passed,
And the shadows are close behind.
So think while the light is shining,
And act ere the set of sun,
For the sorriest woe that a soul can know,
Is to think what it might have done.

I know it is almost evening,
But the twilight hour is long,
If you listen and heed each cry of need,
You can right full many a wrong.
For when we have finished the journey,
We will all look back and say,
On life's long mile there was nothing worth while
But the good we did by the way.

ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

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Gay & Hancock.

JIM BLUDSO OF THE "PRAIRIE BELLE"

WALL, no! I can't tell whar he lives,
Becase he don't live, you see,
Leastways, he's got out uf the habit
Of livin' like you and me.

Whar have you been for the last three year,
That you haven't heard folks tell
How Jimmy Bludso passed in his checks
The night uf the "Prairie Belle"?

He weren't no saint—them engineers
Is all pretty much alike,
One wife in Natchez-under-the-Hill,
And another one here in Pike.
A keerless man in his talk was Jim,
And an awkward hand in a row;
But he never funked and he never lied,
I reckon he never knowed how.

And this was all the religion he had,
To treat his engine well,
Never be passed on the river,
To mind the pilot's bell.
And if ever the "Prairie Belle" took fire,
A thousand times he swore,
He'd hold her nozzle agin the bank,
Till the last soul got ashore.

All boats has their day on the Mississip,
And her day come at last;
The "Movastar" was a better boat,
But the "Belle" she wouldn't be passed.
And so she came tearin' along that night,
The oldest craft on the line;
With a nigger squat on her safety-valve,
And her furnace crammed—rosin and pine.

The fire bust out as she clared the bar,
And burnt a hole in the night;
And quick as a flash she turned, and made
For that willer bank on the right.

There was runnin' and cursin', but Jim yelled out
Over all the infernal roar,
"I'll hold her nozzle agin the bank
Till the last galoot's ashore."

Through the hot, black breath of the burnin' boat
Jim Bludso's voice was heard;
And they all had trust in his cussedness,
And knowed he would keep his word.
And sure's you're born they all got off
Afore the smoke-stacks fell;
And Bludso's ghost went up alone
In the smoke of the "Prairie Belle."

He weren't no saint—but at jedgment
I'd run my chance with Jim
'Longside uf some pious gentlemen
That wouldn't shook hands with him.
He seen his duty, a dead sure thing,
And went for it thar and then;
And Christ ain't a-going to be too hard
On a man that died for men.

COLONEL JOHN HAY.

LOOK UP

LOOK up, look up, lest thou perchance should'st miss
The glory of the heavens, the noonday sun,
The star-world o'er thy head, the tender kiss
Of dawn, the majesty of day begun.

Look up with new resolve for other sake
Than just thine own, climb up the mountain steep
Hard-breathing in the wind, that some may take
Fresh heart from thee, e'er eyes be closed in sleep.

Look up! for brave endeavour God doth call,
Life is too short for anything but love;
And His great truth for ever for us all
Shall light the weary road, heaven's arch above.

Look up, to give to life a nobler worth,
And speak high words of cheer when thou shalt find
One chance to be an angel on the earth,
A benediction to thy suffering kind.

Look up! what matter if with empty hands
Thou comest, if thou foldest them to pray
Thou givest much to Him who understands
Life's mystery of pain from day to day.

Look up with fearless front, erect o'er strife,
Though dark the night, and winterly the day,
Courage, O toiler! let the door of life
Stand open wide for Christ to come that way.

HARRIET KENDALL.
By kind permission of the Authoress.

ANTHONY'S PRAYER

IN Poverty Tenement, on the fourth floor,
Along with the other dwellers—a score—
With his widowed mother, lived Anthony More.

He was weak in body and weaker in mind,
A poor little cripple, and more than half blind,
Yet seemingly quite to his fate resigned.

His dozen years on earth had been spent
In rooms where the struggle of life was the rent—
Where nobody knew what Christmas meant.

But it happened that one particular year
He had chanced, somehow, the story to hear
Of the birth of the Child whom the world holds dear.

And likewise he'd heard of the jolly old saint—
How he came down the chimney, all rosy and quaint,
And filled all the stockings, with never complaint.

And, believing it all, poor Anthony More,
On the night before Christmas, knelt down on the floor
And prayed—which he never had done before.

He asked the good saint for a pair of shoes,
For an overcoat, such as his fancy would choose,
And a jack-knife—two-bladed—and fashioned to use.

Now, whether or not St Nicholas heard
The prayer of the boy must be inferred,
But this is the simple fact that occurred:

Gambler Jack, who lived on the floor,
As he passed that night through the hall to the door,
Stopped to listen to Anthony More;

And somehow the words of the boy took him back
To the days when he—yes, Gambler Jack—
Trusted in Santa Claus and his pack!

And he thought how the stocking he used to hang
By the old chimney-place where the cricket sang—
And lo! through the years the church-bells rang.

Rang, as they used to ring of old,
When first the wonderful story was told
By a mother's lips, now long grown cold.

Then forth from Poverty Tenement,
With his mind on a single purpose bent,
Gambler Jack in the bleak night went.

Early next morning, when Anthony More
Awoke, he saw by his cot on the floor
Such a sight as he never had seen before.

For there was the overcoat, warm and well-made,
And the shoes, and the knife with its second blade—
All the good things for which he had prayed!

And Anthony? Well, I can only say
There never was joy on a Christmas Day
Like his, be the subject whatever it may!

He even insisted that Gambler Jack—
Who, alone of the Tenement, somehow, held back—
Should inspect the treasures from Santa Claus' pack.

And looking on, in his quiet way,
Gambler Jack was heard to say:
"So all these come to yer 'cause yer pray?

"Well, Tony, my boy, the racket is plain—
If I were you, I'd work it again,
And never a Christmas the prayer should wane!"

VANDYKE BROWN.

By kind permission, from "The New York Clipper."

A DAY TOO LATE

I WAS thinking to-day of something
That happened years ago,
When we lived in Flower Alley
That hadn't a flower to show.
Many might call it a trifle, and 'tis but a trifle, and yet
'Twas a lesson that I shall never, no never, never forget.

At the end of Flower Alley
There lived a poor old man;
Guffy—the children called him,
He was as thin as my frying-pan.
Thin, and shrivelled, and shaky, and poor as the poorest mouse,
And he lived alone in a garret at the top of a lodgin' house.

Nobody knew where he came from,
Nobody knew what he'd been,
He hadn't a relation
That any one had seen.
He used to sell nuts and apples under the station wall,
For that was just the distance the poor old chap could crawl.

Once he sat down on our doorstep,
And I took him a cup of tea,
And after that beginning
He'd creep in occasionally
And have a talk with the children, and I liked to listen too,
For, bless you, he read his Bible, and knew it through and through.

And he'd sit an' give a sermon
That splendid, text an' all,
That he might have been a bishop
A preachin' in St Paul.
And then he'd take his basket,—"Good night, my dears," he'd say,
"God bless you for your kindness,"—and he'd slowly creep away.

One day, 'twas in the winter,
Jim came in to his tea,
"Annie, the fog is dreadful,
It's black as your hat," says he.
"I've been leadin' poor old Guffy : he couldn't find his door,
It strikes me, with such weather, he won't hold out much more."

I was grieved to hear him say so,
And the thought came quick as light,
That I'd run down an' see him
'Fore supper-time that night.
As our hens were layin'—"take him some eggs," thinks I,
"A real fresh egg for breakfast is what he might like to try."

The thought was kind and friendly,
And I know it came to me
From the Lord of all that's loving,
And kind and neighbourly.
But Jim got a-readin' the paper, and I got a-listenin' so,
That by the time he had finished, it was too late for me to go.

And the next day was a Friday,
I was busy as a bee,
For Jim is early Saturday,
And likes to find me free.
So I do my cleanin' Fridays; I was most run off my legs,
And never gave a minute to Guffy and the eggs.

But early Saturday morning
I thought I'd go an' see
How the old man was—Ah! clearly
That morning comes back to me.
The fog was gone and the sunbeams were dancing overhead,
And when I reached the lodgings, I heard that he was dead.

Dead! he had died on Friday,
Alone, without a friend,
Without a neighbour near him
To help him at the end;

And we that lived so handy—and he never, never knew
The thought I'd had about him, and the kindness I meant to do.

There were the eggs in the basket,
Too late to do him good—
I know I stood in the doorway
Like a stone or a bit of wood.
While the women gossiped round me, I had nothing, nothing to say
Except, "that I was—sorry," and then I turned away.

Friends, in this world of hurry,
And work, and sudden end,
If a thought comes quick of doing
A kindness to a friend,
Do it that blessed minute, don't put it off—don't wait,
What's the use of doin' a kindness, if you do it a day too late?

MRS NUGENT JACKSON.

NOTE.—A story founded on fact. The original of Guffy was an old nut and apple seller well known at one time in the streets of Oxford. The ballad is taken by kind permission of Mrs Nugent Jackson from Volume I. of the *Gordon League Ballads*, published by Messrs Skeffington & Sons, London.

AN OLD BACHELOR

THEY call me an old bachelor—I'm known as poor old bachelor,
Although I'm really rich in what this world considers wealth,
But money can't buy everything—no, money is not everything.
It cannot bring you happiness—it cannot purchase health.

I'm hale and very hearty too; play poker and ecarté too,
To pass the time away at home—my only home the Club.
The boys all know my Christian name—they call me by my Christian name,
And if they're running short of cash, and want a modest sub,
They know I've more than I can spend—I may say that I will not lend,
But still they get it in the end—from a poor old bachelor.

I've heard I save my money up—I scrape and hoard my money up,
Why don't I have a trifle on a gee-gee now and then?
A modest little flutter—yes, it's called, I think, a flutter,
By some of my acquaintances who think they're sporting men.
"You're old," they say, "and out of date—a trifle slow at any rate."
I tell them they're so go ahead, and p'raps I lived too long.
I only back the winners—and I do pick out the winners,
Although before the race they always tell me that I'm wrong.
They envy me my luck, they say, and I—well, I only pray,
That know my luck they never may—a poor old bachelor.

I've been advised to settle down, to take a wife and settle down,
To find some homely body who is sensible and good;
A tempting combination—an unusual combination,
I only smile and say, I wouldn't marry if I could.

They little guess when chaffingly they question me, and laughingly
I answer, how each thoughtless word recalls a dream of youth,
A dream from which I cannot wake, of life lived for remembrance sake.
They call me woman hater—if they only knew the truth,
But way out where the flowers are seen—a white cross marks the place I mean,
Who keeps a little grave so green?—a poor old bachelor.

ALBERT CHEVALIER.

By kind permission of the Author and of Reynolds & Co., London.

"LASCA"

IT'S all very well to write reviews, and carry umbrellas, and keep dry shoes, and say what every one's saying here, and wear what every one else must wear; but to-night I'm sick of the whole affair: I want free life, and I want fresh air; and I sigh for the canter after the cattle—the crack of the whips like shots in a battle—the *mêlée* of horns and hoofs and heads that wars and wrangles and scatters and spreads; the green beneath and the blue above, and dash and danger, and life and love.

And Lasca! Ah! she used to ride on a mouse-grey mustang close to my side, with blue serape and bright-belled spur; I laughed with joy as I looked at her! Little knew she of books or of creeds; an "Ave Maria" sufficed her needs; little she cared, save to be by my side, to ride with me, and ever to ride! from Sansaba's shore to Lavaca's tide. She was as bold as the billows that beat—she was as wild

as the breezes that blow; from her little head to her little feet she was swayed, in her suppleness, to and fro by each gust of passion; a sapling pine, that grows on the edge of a Kansas bluff, and wars with the wind when the weather is rough, is like this Lasca, this love of mine! She would hunger, that I might eat; would take the bitter, and leave me the sweet; but once, when I made her jealous, for fun, at something I'd whispered, or looked, or done, she drew from her girdle a dear little dagger, and—sting of a wasp!—it made me stagger! An inch to the left, or an inch to the right, and I shouldn't be maundering here to-night; but she sobbed—and, sobbing, so swiftly bound her torn reboso about the wound, that I quite forgave her. Scratches don't count in Texas, down by the Rio Grande.

One murky night the air was hot, I sat by her side and forgot—forgot! Forgot the herd that were taking their rest; forgot that the air was close opprest; that the Texas "Norther" comes sudden and soon, in the dead of night or the blaze of noon; that once let the herd at its breath take flight, nothing on earth can stop their flight; then—woe to the rider, and woe to the steed, who falls in front of their mad stampede!

Was that thunder? I grasped the cord of my swift mustang without a word. I sprang to the saddle,—and she clung behind: Away! on a hot chase down the wind! But never was fox-hunt half so hard, and never was steed so little spared. For we rode for our lives. You shall hear how we fared in Texas, down by the Rio Grande.

The mustang flew, and we urged him on; there was one chance left,—and you have but one,—halt, jump to the ground, and shoot your horse; crouch under his carcase, and take your chance; and if the steers, in their frantic course, don't batter you to pieces at once, you may thank your stars; if not;

good-bye to the quickening kiss, and the long drawn sigh, and the open air, and the open sky, in Texas, down by the Rio Grande!

The cattle gained on us, and just as I felt for my old sixshooter behind in my belt, down came the mustang and down came we, clinging together, and —what was the rest? A body that spread itself on my breast. Two arms that shielded my dizzy head, two lips that hard on my lips were prest; then came thunder in my ears, as over us surged a sea of steers; blows that beat blood into my eyes, and when I could rise—Lasca was dead!

I gouged out a grave a few feet deep, and there, in earth's arms, I laid her to sleep; and there she is lying, and no one knows; and the summer shines, and the winter snows: and, for many a day, the flowers have spread a pall of petals over her head; and the little grey hawk hangs aloft in the air; and the sly coyoté trots here and there; and the black snake glides and glitters and slides into a rift in a cottonwood tree; and the buzzard sails on, and comes and is gone, stately and still like a ship at sea; and I wonder why I do not care for the things that are, like the things that were; does half my heart lie buried there, in Texas, down by the Rio Grande?

F. Deprez.

FRA GIACOMO

This is the story of an Italian love tragedy told in a short dramatic monologue. The speaker is the injured husband. Six years before the story opens he had married a young and beautiful lady—"his golden-haired angel"—one who seemed so saintly and so far above the level of ordinary humanity, that

from morning to night she devoted herself to religion. She was apparently so bent on saving her soul that she quite neglected her husband's company for that of the monk Fra Giacomo, to whom she was in the habit of confessing. The husband suspects—what proves to be the case—that the monk has abused the wife's confidence, and one day having previously got the monk out of the way, he takes his place in disguise at the confessional and hears from his wife's own lips the avowal of her guilty love for Fra Giacomo. Stung to madness by the monk's betrayal of his wife's affections, the husband comes home, poisons his wife, and then sends for Fra Giacomo. They meet first in the death chamber where the body of the dead wife lies. The husband draws the curtain that the unsuspecting monk may take his last look at the woman he has wronged, and then he conducts his visitor downstairs and persuades him to sit down and drink wine with him. This wine also is poisoned, and while the monk, unsuspectingly, drinks it, the husband relates to him how he discovered his wife's guilt and how he punished it ; and then tells the horrified monk of his own doom, and finally makes sure of his revenge by stabbing him to death.

ALAS, Fra Giacomo,
  Too late! but follow me . . .
Hush! draw the curtain—so!
  She is dead, quite dead, you see.
Poor little lady! she lies,
All the light gone out of her eyes!
But her features still wear that soft,
  Grey, meditative expression
Which you must have noticed oft,
  And admired, too, at confession.
How saintly she looks, how meek!
  Though this be the chamber of death,
  I fancy I hear her breath,
As I kiss her on the cheek.
Too holy for me by far,
As cold and as pure as a star,
  Not fashioned for kissing and pressing,
But made for a heavenly crown! . . .
Ay, Father, let us go down,—
  But first, if you please, your blessing.

. . . Wine? No! Come, come, you must!
Blessing it with your prayers,
You'll quaff a cup, I trust,
To the health of the saint upstairs.
My heart is aching so!
And I feel so weary and sad
Through the blow that I have had!
You'll sit, Fra Giacomo? . . .

Heigho! 'Tis now six summers
Since I won that angel and married her—
I was passing rich, and I carried her
Off in the face of all comers. . . .
So fresh, yet so brimming with soul!
A sweeter morsel, I swear,
Never made the dull black coal
Of a monk's eye glitter and glare. . . .
Your pardon—nay, keep your chair!—
A jest! but a jest! . . . Very true,
It is hardly becoming to jest,
And that saint upstairs at rest—
Her soul may be listening, too!

To think how I doubted and doubted,
Suspected, grumbled at, flouted
That golden-haired angel, and solely
Because she was zealous and holy!—
Noon and night and morn
She devoted herself to piety—
Not that she seemed to scorn
Or shun her husband's society;
But the claims of her soul superseded
All that I asked for or needed,
And her thoughts were far away
From the level of lustful clay,
And she trembled lest earthly matters
Interfered with her "*aves*" and "*paters*"!

Sweet dove! she so fluttered, in flying
To avoid the black vapours of hell,
So bent on self-sanctifying,—
That she never thought of trying
To save her poor husband as well!
And while she was named and elected
For place on the heavenly roll,
I (beast that I was!) suspected
Her manner of saving her soul—
So, half for the fun of the thing,
What did I (blasphemer!) but fling
On my shoulders the gown of a monk,
(Whom I managed for that very day
To get safely out of the way),
And seat me, half sober, half drunk,
With the cowl drawn over my face
In the Father Confessor's place. . . .
Eheu! Benedicite!
In her beautiful sweet simplicity,
With that pensive grey expression
She sighfully knelt at confession—
While I bit my lips till they bled
And dug my nails in my palm,
And heard, with averted head,
The horrible words come calm—
Each word was a serpent's sting;
But, wrapt in my gloomy gown,
I sat like a marble thing,
As she uttered your name. SIT DOWN!

More wine, Fra Giacomo?
One cup—as you love me! No?
Come, drink! 'twill bring the streaks
Of crimson back to your cheeks;
Come, drink again to the saint
Whose virtues you loved to paint,

Who, stretched on her wifely bed
With a soft, sweet, grey expression
You saw and admired at confession,
Lies "poisoned" overhead!

Sit still—or, by God, you die!
Face to face, soul to soul, you and I
Have settled accounts, in a fine
Pleasant fashion, over our wine—
Stir not, and seek not to fly—
Nay, whether or not, you are mine!
Thank Montepulciano for giving
Your death in such delicate sips—
'Tis not every monk ceases living
With so pleasant a taste on his lips—
But, lest Montepulciano unsurely should kiss,
Take this!—and this!—and this!

. . . Raise him; and cast him, Pietro,
Into the deep canal below:
You can be secret, lad, I know. . . .
And hark you, then to the convent go—
Bid every bell of the convent toll,
And the monks say mass for your mistress's soul

ROBERT BUCHANAN.

BUTTERFLIES

AT sixteen years she knew no care,
How could she, sweet and pure as light?
And there pursued her everywhere
Butterflies—all white.

A lover looked—she dropped her eyes,
That glowed like pansies wet with dew,
And lo! there came from out the skies
Butterflies—all blue.

Before she guessed her hour was gone,
The tale of love was simply told,
And all around her wheeled and shone
Butterflies—all gold.

Then he forsook her one sad morn,
She wept, and sobbed, "Oh, love, come back";
There only came to her forlorn
Butterflies—all black.

ANON.

THE BEAUTIFUL BLUE DANUBE

THEY drift down the hall together;
He smiles in her lifted eyes.
Like waves of that mighty river,
The strains of the "Danube" rise.
They float on its rhythmic measure
Like leaves on a summer stream;
And here, in this scene of pleasure,
I bury my sweet, dead dream.

Through the cloud of her dusky tresses,
Like a star, shines out her face;
And the form his strong arm presses
Is sylph-like in its grace.
As a leaf on the bounding river
Is lost in the seething sea,
I know that for ever and ever
My dream is lost to me.

And still the viols are playing
The grand old wordless rhyme;
And still those two are swaying
In perfect tune and time.

If the great bassoons that mutter,
  If the clarionets that blow,
Were given a voice to utter
  The secret things they know,—

Would the lists of the slain that slumber
  On the Danube's battle plains
The unknown hosts outnumber
  Who die 'neath the "Danube's" strains?
Those fall where cannons rattle,
  'Mid the rain of shot and shell;
But these, in a fiercer battle,
  Find death in the music's swell.

With the river's roar of passion
  Is blended the dying groan;
But here, in the halls of fashion,
  Hearts break, and make no moan.
And the music, swelling and sweeping,
  Like the river, knows it all;
But none are counting or keeping
  The lists of those who fall.

ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

DIMES AND DOLLARS

"DIMES and dollars! dollars and dimes!"
Thus an old miser rang the chimes,
As he sat by the side of an open box,
With ironed angles and massive locks;
And he heaped the glittering coin on high,
And cried in delirious ecstasy—
"Dimes and dollars! dollars and dimes!
Ye are the ladders by which man climbs
Over his fellows. Musical chimes!
Dimes and dollars! dollars and dimes!"

A sound on the gong, and the miser arose,
And his laden coffer did quickly close
And locked secure. "These are the times
For a man to look after his dollars and dimes.
A letter! Ha! from my prodigal son.
The old tale—poverty. Pshaw, begone!
Why did he marry when I forbade?
As he has sown, so he must reap;
But I my dollars secure will keep.
A sickly wife and starving times?
He should have wed with dollars and dimes."

Thickly the hour of midnight fell;
Doors and windows were bolted well.
"Ha!" cried the miser, "not so bad:—
A thousand dollars to-day I've made.
Money makes money; these are the times
To double and treble the dollars and dimes.
Now to sleep, and to-morrow to plan—
Rest is sweet to a wearied man."
And he fell asleep with the midnight chimes—
Dreaming of glittering dollars and dimes.

The sun rose high, and its beaming ray
Into the miser's room found way,
It moved from the foot till it lit the head
Of the miser's low uncurtained bed;
And it seemed to say to him, "Sluggard, awake
Thou hast a thousand dollars to make!
Up, man, up!" How still was the place,
As the bright ray fell on the miser's face!
Ha! The old miser at last is dead.
Dreaming of gold, his spirit fled,
And he left behind but an earthly clod
Akin to the dross that he made his god.

What now avails the chinking chimes
Of dimes and dollars! dollars and dimes!
Men of the times! men of the times!
Content may not rest with dollars and dimes.
Use them well, and their use sublimes
The mineral dross of the dollars and dimes.
Use them ill, and a thousand crimes
Spring from the coffers of dollars and dimes.
Men of the times! men of the times!
Let Charity swell with your dollars and dimes.

HENRY MILLS.

THE LAND OF THE MIGHT-HAVE-BEEN

THERE'S a time when the traveller lays down his load,
He is longing some rest to know,
And his mind travels back by many a road,
To the time of the long ago.

When we come to a signpost of bygone days,
On which the word "if" is seen,
Then we know that we've come to the parting of ways
In the land of the Might-have-been.

That little word "if"—how it carries us back
To our many mistakes again,
O'er the bridges of fancy away we track,
To the castle we built in Spain.

If we'd taken advice or good council had heard,
We should never disaster have seen;
Those two little letters, in one little word,
Close the road to the Might-have-been.

It's that little word "if," it is always the same,
  It has made us its jest and sport;
It is if, always if, that is calling the game,
  And keeping our ship from port.

If we had not done so, it is thus we trace
  What the roads that we took now mean,
And the world, it is oh! such a different place
  From the land of the Might-have-been.

Still awake, dreaming comrade, and collar your load,
  Show there's life in the old dog yet,
Your visions of "if" will not shorten the road,
  You're not helped by a vain regret.

Look ahead, for time hurries us all too fast
  On through many a changing scene,
And the land of the Can-be, may, spite of the past,
  Prove as good as the Might-have-been.

ANON.

THE WHISTLE OF SANDY McGRAW

YOU may talk o' your lutes and your dulcimers fine,
Your harps and your tabors and cymbals and a',
But here in the trenches jist gie me for mine
The wee penny whistle o' Sandy McGraw.
Oh it's: "Sandy, ma lad, will you lilt us a tune?"
And Sandy is willin' and trillin' like mad;
Sae silvery sweet that we a' throng aroun',
And some o' it's gay, but the maist o' it's sad.

Jist the wee simple airs that sink intae your hert,
And grup ye wi' love and wi' longin' for hame;
And ye glour like an owl till you're feelin' the stert
O' a tear, and you blink wi' a feelin' o' shame.
For his song's o' the heather, and here in the dirt
You listen and dream o' a land that's sae braw,
And he mak's you forget a' the harm and the hurt,
For he pipes like a laverock, does Sandy McGraw.

. . . . . .

At Eepers I mind me when rank upon rank
We rose from the trenches and swept like the gale,
Till the rapid-fire guns got us fell on the flank
And the murderin' bullets came swishin' like hail:
Till a' that were left o' us faltered and broke;
Till it seemed for a moment a panicky rout,
When shrill through the fume and the flash and the smoke
The wee valiant voice o' a whistle piped out,
The Campbells are Comin': then into the fray
We bounded wi' bayonets reekin' and raw,
And oh we fair revelled in glory that day,
Jist thanks to the whistle o' Sandy McGraw.

. . . . . .

At Loose, it wis after a sconnersome fecht,
On the field o' the slain I wis crawlin' aboot;
And the rockets were burnin' red holes in the nicht,
And the guns they were veciously thunderin' oot.

When sudden I heard a bit sound like a sigh,
And there in a crump-hole a kiltie I saw:
"Whit ails ye, ma lad? Are ye woundit?" says I.
"I've lost ma wee whustle," says Sandy McGraw.
"'Twas oot by yon bing where we pressed the attack,
It drapped frae ma pooch, and between noo and dawn
There isna much time, so I'm jist crawlin' back. . . ."
"Ye're daft, man!" I telt him, but Sandy wis gone.
Weel, I waited a wee, then I crawled oot masel,
And the big stuff wis gorin' and roarin' around,
And I seemed tae be under the oxter o' hell,
And Creation wis crackin' tae bits by the sound.
And I says in ma mind: "Gang ye back, ye auld fule!"
When I thrilled tae a note that wis saucy and sma';
And there in a crater, collected and cool,
Wi' his wee penny whistle, wis Sandy McGraw.
Ay, there he wis playin' as gleg as could be,
And listenin' hard wis a spectacled Boche;
Then Sandy turned roon' and he noddit tae me,
And he says: "Dinna blab on me, Sergeant McTosh.
The auld chap is deein'. He likes me tae play.
It's makin' him happy. Jist see his een shine!"
And thrillin' and sweet in the hert o' the fray
Wee Sandy wis playin' *The Watch on the Rhine.*

. . . . . .

The last scene o' a'—'twas the day that we took
That bit o' black ruin they ca' Labbiesell.
It seemed the hale hillside jist shivered and shook,
And the red skies were roarin' and spewin' oot shell.

And the Sergeants were cursin' tae keep us in hand,
And hard on the leash we were strainin' like dugs,
When upward we shot at the word o' command,
And the bullets were dingin' their songs in oor lugs.
And onward we swept wi' a yell an' a cheer,
And a' wis destruction, confusion and din,
And we knew that the trench o' the Boches wis near,
And it seemed jist the safest bit hole tae be in.
So we a' tumbled doon, and the Boches were there,
And they held up their hands, and they yelled: "Kamarad!"
And I merched aff wi' ten, wi' their palms in the air,
And my! I wis prood-like, and my! I wis glad.
And I thocht: if ma lassie could see me jist then. . . .
When sudden I sobered at somethin' I saw,
And I stopped and I stared, and I halted ma men,
For there on a stretcher wis Sandy McGraw.

Weel, he looks in my face, jist as game as ye please:
"Ye ken hoo I hate tae be workin'," says he;
"But noo I can play in the street for bawbees,
Wi' baith o' ma legs taken aff at the knee."
And though I could see he wis rackit wi' pain,
He reached for his whistle and stertit tae play,
And quaverin' sweet wis the pensive refrain:
The floors o' the forest are a' wede away.

Then sudden he stoppit: "Man, wis it no grand
Hoo we took a' them trenches? . . . He shakit his heid. . . .
"I'll—no—play—nae—mair——" feebly doon frae his hand
Slipped the wee penny whistle and . . . *Sandy wis deid.*

. . . . . .

And so ye may talk o' your Steinways and Strads,
Yer wunnerfu' organs and brasses sae braw;
But oot in the trenches jist gie me, ma lads,
Yon wee penny whistle o' Sandy McGraw.

R. W. SERVICE.

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THE LITTLE LIGHT

THE light shone dim on the headland,
For the storm was raging high;
I shaded my eyes from the inner glare,
And gazed on the west, grey sky.
It was dark and lowering; on the sea
The waves were booming loud,
And the snow and the piercing winter sleet
Wove over all a shroud.

"God pity the men on the sea to-night!"
I said to my little ones;
And we shuddered as we heard afar
The sound of the minute-guns.
My good man came in, in his fishing coat
(He was wet and cold that night)
And he said, "There'll lots of ships go down
On the headland rocks to-night."

"Let the lamp burn all night, mother,"
Cried little Mary, then;
"'Tis but a little light, but still
It might save drowning men."
"Oh! nonsense!" cried her father (he
Was tired and cross that night)
"The headland light is enough."
And he put out the light.

That night, on the rocks below us
A noble ship went down,
But one was saved from the ghastly wreck
The rest were left to drown.
"We steered by a little light," he said,
"Till we saw it sink from view;
If they'd only a' left that light all night
My mates might have been here, too!"

Then little Mary sobbed aloud;
Her father blushed for shame;
"'Twas our light that you saw," he said,
"And I'm the one to blame."
'Twas a little light—how small a thing!
And trifling was its cost,
Yet for want of it a ship went down,
And a hundred souls were lost.

"*St Nicholas.*"

THE BIRTH OF THE OPAL

THE Sunbeam loved the Moonbeam,
And followed her low and high,
But the Moonbeam fled and hid her head,
She was so shy—so shy.

The Sunbeam wooed with passion;
Ah, he was a lover bold!
And his heart was afire with mad desire
For the Moonbeam pale and cold.

She fled like a dream before him,
Her hair was a shining sheen,
And oh, that Fate would annihilate
The space that lay between!

Just as the day lay panting
In the arms of the twilight dim,
The Sunbeam caught the one he sought
And drew her close to him.

But out of his warm arms, startled
And stirred by Love's first shock,
She sprang afraid, like a trembling maid,
And hid in the niche of a rock.

And the Sunbeam followed and found her,
And led her to Love's own feast;
And they were wed on that rocky bed,
And the dying Day was their priest.

And lo! the beautiful Opal—
That rare and wondrous gem—
Where the moon and sun blend into one.
Is the child that was born to them.

ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

WHAT IS TO-MORROW

A BRIGHT little boy with laughing face,
Whose every motion was full of grace,
Who knew no trouble and feared no care,
Was the light of our household—the youngest there.

He was too young—this little elf—
With troublesome questions to vex himself;
But for many days a thought would rise
And bring a shade to the dancing eyes.

He went to one whom he thought more wise
Than any other beneath the skies,
"Mother"—O word that makes the home!—
"Tell me, when will to-morrow come?"

"It is almost night," the mother said,
"And time for my boy to be in bed;
When you wake up and it's day again,
It will be to-morrow, my darling then."

The little boy slept through all the night,
But woke with the first red streak of light;
He pressed a kiss on his mother's brow,
And whispered, "Is it to-morrow now?"

"No, little Eddie, this is to-day;
To-morrow is always one night away."
He pondered awhile, but joys come fast,
And this vexing question quickly passed.

But it came again with the shades of night;
"Will it be to-morrow when it is light?"
From years to come he seemed care to borrow,
He tried so hard to catch to-morrow.

"You cannot catch it, my dear little Ted;
Enjoy to-day," the mother said;
"Some wait for to-morrow through many a year—
It always is coming, but never is here."

ANON.

LIFE'S TRACK

THIS game of life is a dangerous play,
Each human soul must watch alway,
From the first to the very last.
I care not however strong and pure,
Let no man say he is perfectly sure,
The dangerous reefs are past.

For many a rock may lurk near by,
That never is seen when the tide is high.
Let no man dare to boast.
When the hand is full of trumps—beware,
For that is the time when thought and care,
And nerve are needed most.

As the oldest jockey knows to his cost,
Full many a well-run race is lost,
A brief half-length from the wire,
And many a soul that has fought with sin,
And gained each battle, at length gives in,
To sudden, fierce desire.

And vain seems the effort of spur and whip,
Or the hoarse, hot cry of the pallid lip,
When once we have fallen back.
It is better to keep on stirrup and rein,
The steady poise and the careful strain,
In speeding along life's track.

A watchful eye and a strong, true hand,
Will carry us under the Judge's stand,
If prayer, too, does its part;
And little by little the struggling soul
Will grow and strengthen and gain control,
Over the passionate heart.

ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

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II. POETICAL PIECES—HUMOROUS

CHANGED HER MIND

DEAR Belle, I went to church last night,
And saw your friend. Why, he's a fright!
At least, I think so. What is there, pray,
About his looks that made you say
That I'd admire him? Goodness me!
He's homely, Belle, as he can be.
Monstrous mouth, retreating forehead,
And goggle eyes. I think he's horrid.

I've seen that Mr Knox again—
Your friend, I mean, that homely man
Of whom I wrote—and I declare
I must admit he has an air
About him that one must admire;
But, Belle, I think I soon shall tire
Of his rude manners. Why, the man
Stared till I had to use my fan!

I went last night to the soirée
And who, think you, chanced there to be?
Why, Charley Knox! We stayed till four.
I danced with him six times, or more,
And he asked me—don't you tell—
To go with him next time. Now, Belle,
I'm not in love. You'll laugh, I know,
But still I say he's not my beau.

Oh, Belle! Oh, Belle! What do you think
Happened? I can't sleep a wink
Until I've told my dearest friend.
Oh, Belle, my maidenhood is at an end—
That Charley Knox! Oh dear, Oh my!
I don't know whether to laugh or cry—
I never yet did feel so queer—
Just think! I'm engaged, my dear.

ANON.

A LADDIE'S POOCH

WAS ever a place like a schule-laddie's pooch?
It's winnerfu', man, what's intill'd;
It's never owre big, though as lang as the leg,
Nae maitter the size, it's stuffed fu' as an egg—
He'll aye fin' oot something to fill'd.

It ser's for a pantry, a kist, an' a bag,
For nails, nits, bools, skeelie, or bread;
It's pack't till the leg's scarcely able to wag,
An' the claith on the tap is as thin as a rag—
By the wecht o'd, it seems filled wi' lead!

Here's Johnnie's breeks laid whaur he's taiken them aff,
They're sair needin' mendin' I see,
A great muckle hole juist whaur he sits doon:
'Twas ne'er worn out, I could wager a croon—
'Twas torn oot sclimmin' some tree.

Guid gracious! The wecht! My, it's maist half a stane,
I'll e'en hae tae toom them, I doot.
What's in't? Seven bools, two glessies, some peesils,
A plunker, a peerie, a tin thing that wheesels,
A bit rubber he ca's "blottin' oot."

Twa-three bits o' skeelie, a nail, a bit kauk,
An auld broken heft o' a knife,
A bit string, a bit leather, a buckle, some beads,
A pen neb, a pencil, some spunks wantin' heids,
I ne'er saw the like a' my life.

Some muillins o' bread, an' a wheen locust paips,
An' what's this row'd in a bit paper?
Michty me! It's a tuith! 'Od it's ane o' his ain,
('Twas slack, an' he pu'd it oot last nicht his lane.)
If he burns it wi' saut it'll grow in again!
Did ever ye ken sic a caper?

What's this? Something square, that's a' faulded
Up wi' maist exterordiner' care;
A bit gless, an' aneath it, floo'er leafs red an' green—
He ca's it a peep-show and chairges a preen
Before he'll alloo ye tae look wi' yer een
On "the bonniest peepy-show ever you've seen"—
He's a showman ootricht, I declare!

There noo! That hole's clootit, that button shoo'd on,
The gallisis buttoned ana',
An' ilka thing, a' but the muillins o' bread,
Is back in the pooches, an' mind tho' I say'd,
He kens every bool, peesil, plunker, and bead,
'Od it beats me tae ken hoo he keeps in his heid
A ledger account o' them a'.

But what needs I speak? as there's laddies there's men,
Aye, an' weemin', wi' weans o' their ain,
Wha houdle th' gither a great lot o' things,
Sic like as auld letters, auld papers, auld rings,
The very sicht o' them the tear swithly brings,
For roond ilka ane some sweet memory clings,
An' for gowd they wad niffer wi' nane.

JAMES CHAPMAN CRAIG.

From "Sangs o' Bairns an' Hame," by kind permission of the Author.

THE STUDENT

He was a guileless college youth,
That mirrored modesty and truth;
And sometimes at his musty room
His sister called, to chase the gloom.
One afternoon, while she was there,
Arranging things with kindly care,
As often she had done before,
There came a knock upon the door.
Our student, sensitive to fears
Of thoughtless comrades' laughing jeers,
Had only time to deposit
His sister in an old clothes closet,
Then haste the door to open wide:
His guest, unbidden, steps inside.
He was a cheery-faced old man,
And with apologies began
For calling, and then let him know
That more than fifty years ago,
When he was in his youthful bloom,
He'd occupied that very room;
So thought he'd take the chance, he said,
To see the changes time had made.
"The same old window, same old view—
Ha, ha! The same old pictures too!"
And then he tapped them with his cane,
And laughed his merry laugh again.
"The same old sofa, I declare!
Dear me, it must be worse for wear.
The same old shelves!" And then he came
And spied the cupboard door. "The same—
Oh my!" A woman's dress peeped through.
Quick as he could he closed it to.
He shook his head. "Ah, ah! the same
Old game, young man, the same old game."

"Would you my reputation slur?"
The youth gasped; "That's my sister, sir."
"Ah!" said the old man, with a sigh,
"The same old lie—the same old lie!"

By kind permission of Messrs Reynolds & Co., Publishers, London.

A TRAVELLER'S TALE

It was a boy—a London boy—with matches in his hand,
Who begged of me to buy a box, one evening in the Strand.
I always talk to ragged boys—it's just an Author's whim—
They often have a tale to tell—that's why I talked to him.

"I wants a tanner more!" he said, while counting up his coin,
"Our treat's to-morrow mornin', sir—we're goin' to Bouloin.
We has dejooner 'board the ship, and deenay on the shore,
But still one wants a bob to spend—I want a tanner more."

"Boulogne!" I cried, "Good gracious, boy, I must have heard you wrong.
To what school, may I ask, does your Excellence belong?"
"The ragged school, o' course," replied that box of matches youth.
"D'ye think we ain't a goin' there—I'm tellin' you the truth.

"Why, mother's in the workus, sir. Last year they had their treat.
They went as far as Hamsterdam, to what they calls a feet.
And father, what's a' imbecile, was took right up the Rhine.
That's where our treat'll be next year—I hear as 'ow it's fine.

"My sister goes to Sunday School; her treat'll be Mount Blank;
Six hundred on 'em goin', sir, with banners all in rank.
I wish I went to Sunday School, to have a treat like that.
I see myself a-top of it, with paper round my 'at.

The Mission what's in Leman Street, as takes the gutter kids,
Towards their summer 'oliday 'as got no end of quids.
I hear as on a monster ship their flag will be unfurled;
They're goin' to take them gutter kids a voyage round the world."

I gave the boy what coin I had, and left him with a frown,
For I was not a gutter boy, and had to stay in town.
And as that summer night, in vain I tried asleep to drop,
I thought—Where will this growing taste for foreign travel stop.

GEO. R. SIMS.

By kind permission of the Author.

THE NINE SUITORS

A BRITISH ship at anchor lay
In the harbour of New York;
The stevedores were packing her
With Yankee beef and pork.
Nine slim young men went up the plank,
And they were tall and good;
But none of them had ever loved,
They said they never would.
But whether they wouldn't,
Or whether they couldn't,
Or their mothers said they shouldn't,
The world will never know.

The passengers were all on board;
The vessel got up steam,
And floated down the river, like
The—ah—something of a dream.
A pretty girl came up on deck,
And near the railing stood;
She never loved a fellow-man,
And said she never would.
But whether she couldn't,
Or whether she wouldn't,
Or her father said she shouldn't,
The world will never know.

The nine young men stood in a row,
Each trying not to stare;
The lady looked embarrassed, and
They offered her a chair.
The nine young swells were very rich,
And it was understood

That each of them could marry
Whatever girl he would.
But whether he couldn't,
Or whether he wouldn't,
Or the lady said he shouldn't,
The world will never know.

So things went on as usual,
The weather soon grew thick,
The nine young men were gallant,
The pretty girl was sick.
She certainly was charming,
When they brought her dainty food:
"I'd eat it all, now, really,
And truly—if I could."
But whether she couldn't,
Or whether she wouldn't,
Or her stomach said she shouldn't,
The world will never know.

The nine young men came up on deck,
Each in his Sunday clothes,
And went abaft the wheel-house,
In order to propose.
The lady had no preference,
But said that, if she could,
She'd marry every one of them,
But it wasn't any good.
But whether she couldn't,
Or whether she wouldn't,
Or that custom said she shouldn't,
The world will never know.

The lady asked the captain how
She ever should decide.
Said he: "The love of those young men
Should certainly be tried."
So, when they all were present,
She fell into the sea;

And eight of them jumped after her,
The ninth—oh! where was he?
Now whether he couldn't (jump),
Or whether he wouldn't (swim),
Or the captain said he shouldn't (try),
The world will never know.

Once fairly out of the water, she
Went up to him and said:
"Dear sir, you are a solid man,
And have a level head;
So, without further parley,
Or hint of a pretence
I agree to marry you, sir,
For you have common sense."
So her father said he couldn't,
And her mother said she wouldn't,
And the captain said she shouldn't,
Refuse to give consent.

ANON.

AFTER GRACE

A CURATE once courted a nice little miss,
Grace by name, but by nature a sinner.
He never dared ask for "just one little kiss,"
P'r'aps he thought by his preaching to win her.
His most passionate speech, when they sat down together,
Was "A very fine day," or "Most singular weather!"

"Ah, me! He is vowed unto silence," she cried,
"'Tis my mission to make him abjure it,
Pa must ask him to dinner, I'll sit by his side,
And I really should think I could cure it!"

So he came, and they all tried their hardest to make
Him feel really at home. To ensure it,
He was seated by Grace, and, his silence to break,
Said her father (who couldn't endure it),
Forgetting the "blessing"—"Now what will you take?"
"I should like to say Grace," said the curate.

AMERICAN.

AN OLD MAID'S PRAYER

AN old maid knelt beneath a maple tree
With feelings wonderfully queer:
She prayed both long and fervently,
"Kind Lord, consent my voice to hear:
Thou know'st my wish before my tongue
Can name it; but it doth belong
To me to ask if I'd receive
So Thou hast taught, and I believe.
Thou knowest it is not wealth or power
My heart desireth every hour;
But 'tis a husband, Lord, I want!
Wilt Thou the gift in kindness grant?
Oh! give me one that's kind and clever,
And thine shall be the praise forever."

A hoot-owl sat in the maple tree,
A jovial, happy owl was he.
He had been hid in the leaves all day,
Dozing and sleeping his time away;
But at the sound of the old maid's prayer,
The bird awoke with a sudden stare.
Silent he sat till the prayer was through.
Then suddenly cried, "Whoo! Whoo! Whoo! Whoo!"

Down went the old maid on her face!
"And dost thou show such amazing grace
As to grant thy servant thy voice to hear,
Which has not before greeted mortal ear
Since Sinai shook to its very base
At its terrible tones! Oh, wondrous grace!"

Thus to herself did the old maid speak,
So badly scared, she was faint and weak,
And lay half senseless on the ground
Till roused again by the terrible sound;
For again from the top of the tree was heard
The loud "Whoo! Whoo!" of the ominous bird.
Then she answered: "Dear me! I hardly know who!
Most anybody, Lord, will do!"

ANON.

THE NEW BONNET

A FOOLISH little maiden bought a foolish little bonnet,
With a ribbon and a feather, and a bit of lace upon it;
And that the other maidens of the little town might know it,
She thought she'd go to meeting the next Sunday just to show it.
But though the little bonnet was scarce larger than a dime,
The getting of it settled, proved to be a work of time.
So, when 'twas fairly tied, all the bells had stopped their ringing,
And when she came to meeting, sure enough the folks were singing.

So this foolish little maiden stood and waited at the door;
And she shook her ruffles out behind, and smoothed them down before.

"Hallelujah! Hallelujah!" sang the choir above her head.
"Hardly knew you! hardly knew you!" were the words she thought they said.

This made the little maiden feel so very very cross,
That she gave her little mouth a twist, her little head a toss;
For she thought the very hymn they sang was all about her bonnet,
With the ribbon, and the feather, and the bit of lace upon it.

And she would not wait to listen to the sermon or the prayer,
But pattered down the silent street, and hurried up the stair,
Till she reached her little bureau, and in a band-box on it
Had hidden, safe from critic's eye, her foolish little bonnet.
Which proves, my little maidens, that each of you will find
In every Sabbath service, an echo of your mind;
And the silly little head that's filled with silly little airs
Will never get a blessing from sermon or from prayers.

M. T. MORRISON.

BEFORE AND AFTER

Act First.

My Maggie, my beautiful darling!
Come to my arms, my sweet;
Let me fold you again to my bosom,
So close I can hear your heart beat.

What! these little fingers been sewing?
One's been pricked by the needle, I see;
These hands shall be kept free from labour
When once they are given to me.

Eight, nine, ten, eleven! My precious,
Time flies so when I am with you!
It seems but a moment I've been here,
And now—must I say it?—adieu!

Act Second.

Oh, Meg, you are heavy—I'm tired!
Go, sit on the rocker, I pray.
Your weight seems a hundred and ninety
When you plump down in that sort of way.

You had better be mending my coat-sleeve,
I've spoken about it before,
And I want to finish this novel,
And look over these bills from the store.

Eight o'clock! Meg, sew on this button,
As soon as you finish that sleeve.
Heigh-ho! I'm so deucedly sleepy
I'll pile off to bed, I believe.

ANON.

A COOK OF THE PERIOD

THE looks of yer, ma'am, rather suits me—
The wages ye offer 'll do;
But thin I can't inter yer service
Without a condition or two.
And now, to begin, is the kitchen
Commodgeous, with plenty of light,
And fit ye know, fur intertainin'
Sech fri'nds as I'm like to invite?

And nixt, are yous reg'lar at male-times?
Becase, 'taint convainyent, ye see,
To wait, and if I behaves punkshul,
It's no more than you ought to be.
And thin, is your gurrels good-natured?
The rayson I lift my last place,
The French nuss was sich a high lady,
I sint a dish-cloth at her face.

And have yer the laste of objiction
To min droppin' in whin they choose?
I've got some enlivinin' fust cousins
That frayquintly brings me the news.
I must have thim trayted powlitely;
I give yer fair warnin' ma'am, now,
If the airy gate be closed agin thim,
You'll find me commincin' a row.

These matthers agrayed on between us,
I'd try yer a wake, so I wud.
(She looks like the kind I can manage,
A thin thing without any blud!)
But mind, if I comes for a wake, ma'am,
I comes for that time, and no liss;
And so, thin, purvidin' ye'd want me,
Jusht give me yer name and addriss.

"*St Nicholas.*"

WOMAN'S CURIOSITY

A WORTHY squire of noble life,
Had a conceited boasting wife;
Of *him* she daily made complaint,
Herself she thought a very saint.
She loved to load mankind with blame,
And on their errors built her fame.
Her favourite subject of dispute
Was Eve and the forbidden fruit.
"Had I been Eve," she often cried,
"Man had not fall'n nor woman died,
I still had kept the order given,
Nor for an apple lost my heaven
To gratify my curious mind,
I ne'er had ruined all mankind,
Nor from a vain desire to know
Entailed on all my race such woe."

The squire replied, "I fear 'tis true,
The same ill spirit lives in you;
Tempted alike, I dare believe
You would have disobeyed like Eve."
The lady stormed and still denied
Both curiosity and pride.

The squire some future day at dinner,
Resolved to try this boastful sinner,
He grieved such vanity possessed her,
And thus in serious terms addressed her
"Madam, the usual splendid feast
With which our wedding-day is graced,
With you I must not share to-day
For business summons me away.

Of all the dainties I've prepared,
I beg not any may be spared;
Indulge in every costly dish,
Enjoy, 'tis what I really wish;
Only observe one prohibition,
Nor think it a severe condition.
On one small dish, which covered stands,
You must not dare to lay your hands,
Go—disobey not on your life,
Or henceforth you're no more my wife."

The treat was served, the squire was gone,
The murmuring lady dined alone;
She saw whate'er could grace a feast
Or charm the eye, or please the taste;
But while she ranged from this to that,
From venison haunch to turtle fat,
On one small dish she chanced to light
By a deep cover hid from sight.
Oh here it is, yet not for me,
I must not take, nor dare not see.
Why place it there, or why forbid
That I so much as lift the lid.
Prohibited of this to eat,
I care not for the sumptuous treat,
I wonder if 'tis fowl or fish,
To know what's there I merely wish.

I'll look—Oh no, I'll lose for ever,
If I'm betrayed, my husband's favour;
I own I think its vastly hard,
Nay tyranny, to be debarred.
"John you may go, the wine's decanted,
I'll ring or call you when your wanted."
Now left alone she waits no longer,
Temptation presses more and stronger,

I'll peep, the harm can ne'er be much,
For though I peep, I will not touch.
Why I'm forbid to lift this cover,
One glance will tell and then 'tis over,
My husband's absent and so is John,
My peeping never can be known.

Trembling she yielded to her wish,
And raised the cover from the dish.
She starts—for lo, an open pie
From which six living sparrows fly.
She calls, she screams with wild surprise,
"Haste John, and catch these birds," she cries.
John hears not, but to crown her shame,
In at her call her husband came.
Sternly he frowned, as thus he spoke,
"Thus is your vowed allegiance broke,
Self ign'rance led you to believe
You did not share the sin of Eve.

"Like hers, how blest was your condition,
How small my gentle prohibition,
Yet you, though fed with every dainty,
Sat pining in the midst of plenty;
This dish, thus singled from the rest,
Of your obedience was the test;
Your mind, unbroke by self-denial,
Could not sustain the slender trial.
Humility from hence be taught,
Learn candour to another's fault;
Go know, like Eve, from THIS SAD DINNER,
You're both a vain and curious Sinner."

ANON.

PETER

PETER was a person who was perfectly polite,
Whatever Peter tried to do he did with all his might.
People said that Peter was his parent's pet and pride;
He never was successful, but anyhow he tried.
As a stable boy or helper one day he got a place,
But the horses all got staggers when they saw poor Peter's face;
And Peter's master said, as he patted Peter's head:
"Peter, you and I must part,
Don't despond and don't lose heart;
It's not your fault, and it's no disgrace,
But I cannot keep you, Peter, till you buy another face."

Peter thought a porter's job at Paddington would pay;
He saw the station-master, and was taken on that day.
Peter on the platform then with packages perspired,
His persevering patience was very much admired.
A lady left in Peter's care a parrot in a cage;
The bird on seeing Peter's face just died in helpless rage;
The station-master said, as he scratched poor polly's head:
"Peter, you and I must part,
Don't despond and don't lose heart;
The poor bird's dead, and you've lost your place—
It's most distressing, Peter, but you've got a killing face."

Peter met Priscilla 'neath a parasol of pink,
Presently Priscilla peep'd at Peter with a wink;
It perhaps was pretty previous of Peter to propose,
Anyhow, he did it, and this is how the story goes:
Peter and Priscilla were married right away,
And now a little stranger has come along to stay,
And Priscilla one day said, as she stroked her Peter's head:
"Peter, you're a proud papa,
Baby's like his dear mama,
He's a great addition to the human race;
But he always gets the hiccups when he sees his father's face."

I hope you all have listened about poor Peter's case;
The moral is, don't judge a man according to his face,
So long as he is brushed and clean, and dresses fairly smart,
The thing that really matters is, what's inside his heart.
I think you'll find it fairly safe to make this little plan,
Don't marry till you're certain he's a manly sort of man;
And then like me you'll say, "Just name the happy day:
Peter, you and I won't part,
Surely it would break my heart;
Like true lovers let's embrace,
You're a very handsome fellow, if it wasn't for your face."

CHARLES and MURIEL SCOTT-GATTY.

By kind permission of Chappell & Co., Ltd. Bond Street, London, W.

WHEN THE WOODBINE TURNS RED

THEY sat in a garden of springing flowers,
In a tangle of woodland ways;
And theirs was the sweetest of summer bowers,
Where they passed long summer days.
But, alas, when the sunbeams faded away,
And those brightest of days had fled,
'Neath the old trysting trees they parted for aye,
When the woodbine leaves turned red.

When the woodbine leaves turned red,
And their last farewell was said,
They swore to be true, as all lovers do,
When the woodbine leaves turn red.
She gave him a flower sweet;
They vowed they would surely meet
In a year and a day; tho' they parted for aye
When the woodbine leaves turned red.

They met in the garden again next year,
And their ways had been far apart.
He grasped both hands with a sigh and a tear,
And murmured, "My old sweetheart,
I have to confess it, I can't marry you,
For already have I been wed."
And she answered, blushing, "So have I, too."
And the woodbine turned red.

ANON.

THE USEFUL CAT

A SWEET little maid, and a shy young man,
Each in a garden green;
While a smart little cat, demurely sat,
On the wall that rose between.

And "Ah!" sighed the maid. And "Oh!" sighed the man,
"How can I get to you."
"Well, well," said the cat, "You are a flat,
If you don't know what to do."

So up climbed he, and up climbed she,
And sat on the garden wall,
And his arm he placed around her waist,
For he thought that she might fall.

And "Ah!" sighed the maid. And "Oh!" sighed the man,
"I wonder if I might dare."
Well, well," said the cat, "If you can't dare that,
You were better as you were."

But there sat the maid, and there sat the man,
And the little cat sat between;
"Well, well," said the cat, "You are a flat,
If you don't know what I mean."

So he purred to the maid, and he purred to the man,
"Do you want me to show you how?"
Then the young man did what he was bid,
And the cat is not wanted now.

FRED E. WEATHERLY.

By kind permission.

DOLLY'S REVENGE

My false love and I, one noonday in July,
Strolled along the banks of the rippling river Dee.
The summer smiled around, there scarcely was a sound,
But the beating of my heart, and the humming of the bee.
I was pulling at my glove, for I knew no words of love
Would greet my anxious ear that day.
Upon a fallen tree that lay across the Dee, we sat,
And thus he spoke, to my dismay,
"Now, Dolly, we must part, though I'm sorry in my heart,
But ambition calls me hence from home and thee,
I must go to London town, I must win a Lord Mayor's gown,
And, of course, must wed a maid of high degree.
I must be a knight, a man of mighty might,
And a knight and village maid could ne'er agree.
To regret me would be folly, so forget me, dearest Dolly;"
But I gazed in silent sadness down the rushing river Dee.
I felt my heart a-swelling and I felt the tears a-welling,
Though I knew full well he wasn't worth a thought.
So chasing all my sadness, in a mood of merry madness,
A plan of sweet revenge I quickly wrought.
'Twas a leafless withered tree that lay across the Dee,
And the false one sat midway upon the beam.
Just one gentle push I gave, and splashing 'neath the wave,
Behold! the traitor floating down the stream.

"Good-bye, Sir Knight, of the Order of the 'Bath,'
Seek now a maid of high degree;
You longed for swift promotion, just swim down to the ocean,
And perhaps you'll find a mermaid in the deep deep sea."

ANON.

THE GROOM'S STORY

TEN mile in twenty minutes! 'E done it, sir, That's true.
The big bay 'orse in the further stall—the one wot's next to you.
I've seen some better 'orses; I've seldom seen a wuss,
But 'e 'olds the bloomin' record, an' that's good enough for us.

We knew as it was in 'im. 'E's thoroughbred, three part:
We bought 'im for to race 'im, but we found 'e 'ad no 'eart;
For 'e was sad and thoughtful, and amazin' dignified,
It seemed a kind o' liberty to drive 'im or to ride;

For 'e never seemed a-thinkin' of what 'e 'ad to do,
But 'is thoughts was set on 'igher things, admirin' of the view.
'E looked a puffeck pictur', and a pictur' 'e would stay,
'E wouldn't even switch 'is tail to drive the flies away.

And yet we knew 'twas in 'im; we knew as 'e could fly;
But what we couldn't git at was 'ow to make 'im try.
We'd almost turned the job up, when all at once one day
We got the last yard out of 'im in a most amazin' way.

It was all along o' master; which master 'as the name
Of a reg'lar true blue sportsman, an' always acts the same;
But we all 'as weaker moments, which master 'e 'ad one,
An' 'e went and bought a motor car when motor cars begun.

I seed it in the stable yard—it fairly turned me sick—
A greasy, wheezy engine as can neither buck nor kick.
You've a screw to drive it forrard, and a screw to make it stop,
For it was foaled in a smithy stove, an' bred in a blacksmith's shop.

It didn't want no stable, it didn't ask no groom,
It didn't need no nothin' but a bit o' standin' room.
Just fill it up with paraffin an' it would go all day,
Which the same should be agin' the law if I could 'ave my way.

Well, master took 'is motor car, an' moted 'ere an' there,
A-frightenin' the 'orses an' a-poisonin' the air.
'E wore a bloomin' yachtin' cap, but Lor'! wot did he know,
Excep' that if you turn a screw the thing would stop or go?

An' then one day it wouldn't go. 'E screwed and screwed again,
But somethin' jammed, an' there 'e stuck in the mud of a country lane.
It 'urt 'is pride most cruel, but what was 'e to do?
So at last 'e bade me fetch a 'orse to pull the motor through.

This was the 'orse we fetched 'im; an' when we reached the car,
We braced 'im tight and proper to the middle of the bar,
And buckled up 'is traces and lashed them to each side,
While 'e 'eld 'is head so 'aughtily, an' looked most dignified.

Not bad tempered, mind you, but kind of pained and vexed,
And 'e seemed to say, "Well, bli' me! wot will they ask me next?
I've put up with some liberties, but this caps all, by far,
To be assistant engine to a crocky motor car!"

Well, master, 'e was in the car, a-fiddlin' with the gear,
And the 'orse was meditatin', an' I was standin' near,
When master, 'e touched somethin'—what it was we'll never know—
But it sort o' spurred the boiler up and made the engine go.

"'Old 'ard, old gal!" says master, and "Gently, then!" says I;
But an engine won't 'eed coaxin' an' it ain't no use to try;

So first 'e pulled a lever, an' then 'e turned a screw,
But the thing kept crawlin' forrard spite of all that 'e could do.

And first it went quite slowly and the 'orse went also slow,
But 'e 'ad to buck up faster when the wheels began to go;
For the car kept crowdin' on 'im and buttin' 'im along,
And in less than 'alf a minute, sir, that 'orse was goin' strong.

At first 'e walked quite dignified, an' then 'e 'ad to trot,
And then 'e tried a canter when the pace became too 'ot.
'E looked 'is very 'aughtiest, as if 'e didn't mind,
And all the time the motor car was pushin' 'im be'ind.

Now, master lost 'is 'ead when 'e found 'e couldn't stop,
And 'e pulled a valve or somethin' an' somethin' else went pop,
An' somethin' else went fizzywiz, and in a flash, or less,
That blessed car was goin' like a limited express.

Master 'eld the steerin' gear, an' kept the road all right,
And away they whizzed and clattered—my aunt! it was a sight.
'E seemed the finest draught 'orse that ever lived by far,
For all the country Juggins thought 'twas 'im that pulled the car.

'E was stretchin' like a grey'ound, 'e was goin' all 'e knew;
But it bumped an' shoved be'ind 'im, for all that 'e could do;
It butted 'im an' boosted 'im an' spanked 'im on a'ead,
Till 'e broke the ten mile record, same as I already said.

Ten mile in twenty minutes! 'E done it, sir. That's true.
The only time we ever found what that 'ere 'orse could do.
Some say it wasn't 'ardly fair, and the papers made a fuss,
But 'e broke the ten mile record, and that's good enough for us.

You see that 'orse's tail, sir? You don't! No more do we,
Which really ain't surprisin', for 'e 'as no tail to see;
That engine wore it off 'im before master made it stop,
And all the road was littered like a bloomin' barber's shop.

And master? Well, it cured 'im. 'E altered from that day,
And came back to 'is 'orses in the good old-fashioned way.
And if you wants to git the sack, the quickest way by far
Is to 'int as 'ow you think he ought to keep a motor car.

SIR A. CONAN DOYLE.

From "Songs of Action," Smith Elder & Co., by kind permission of the Author.

"FLASH," THE FIREMAN'S HORSE

FLASH was a white foot sorrel, and run on Number Three;
Not much stable manners,—an average horse to see;
Notional in his methods—strong in loves and hates,
Not very much respected or popular 'mongst his mates.

Dull an' moody an' sleepy, an' off on quiet days,
Full o' turbulent sour looks, an' small sarcastic ways,
Scowled an' bit at his partner, an' banged the stable floor,
With other means intended to designate life a bore.

But when, be't day or night time, he heard the alarm bell ring,
He'd rush for his place in the harness with a regular tiger spring,
An' watch with nervous shivers the clasp of buckle an' band,
Until 'twas plainly evident he'd like to lend a hand.

An' when the word was given, away he would rush an' tear,
As if a thousand witches were rumpin' up his hair,
An' rouse the other horses with his magnetic charm,
Till every beat sounded a regular fire alarm.

Never a horse a jockey would notice an' admire
Like Flash in front of his engine a-runnin' to a fire,
Never a horse so lazy, so mopish, an' so slack
As Flash upon his return trip, a-drawing the engine back.

Now, when the different horses get tender-footed and old,
They're no use in our harness; so Flash was finally sold
To quite a respectable milkman, who found it not so fine
A-bossin' one of God's creatures outside its natural line.

Seems as if I could see Flash a-moving along here now,
Feeling that he was simply assistant to a cow,
But sometimes he'd imagine he heard the alarm bell din,
And jump and rear for a season before they could hold him in.

And once in spite of his master he strolled in amongst us chaps,
To talk with the other horses of former fires perhaps,
Whereat the milkman kicked him, whereat us boys to please,
He begged that horse's pardon upon his bended knees.

But one day for a big fire as we was makin' a dash,
Both o' the horses we had on a-somewhat resemblin' Flash,
Yellin' and ringin' and rushin' with excellent voice an' heart,
We passed the poor old fellow, tuggin' away at his cart.

If ever I see an old hoss grow upwards into a new,
If ever I see a milkman whose taps behind him flew,
'Twas that old hoss a-rearin' and racin' down the track,
An' that respectable milkman a-trying to hold him back.

Away he rushed like a cyclone for the head of
Number Three,
Gained the lead an' kept it, and steered his journey
free;
Dodgin' waggons and horses, an' still on the keenest
silk,
An' furnishin' all that neighbourhood with good
respectable milk.

Crowd a-yellin' an' runnin' an' vainly hollerin'
"Whoa";
Milkman bracin' and roarin' with never a bit of show;
Firemen laughin' an' chucklin', an' shoutin' "Good,
go in"—
Horse's a-gettin down to it, and sweepin' along like sin.

Finally came where the fire was, halted with a thud,
Sent the respectable milkman heels over head in
mud;
Watched till he see the engines properly workin'
there,
After which he relinquished all interest in the affair.

Moped and wilted and dwaddled, faded away once
more,
Took up his old occupation, considerin' life a bore;
Laid down in his harness an'— sorry I am to say—
The milkman he had drawn there took his dead body
away.

That's the whole of my story; I've seen more'n once
or twice
That poor dead animals' actions is full of human
device,
An' if you ask what Flash taught, I'll simply answer
then,
That poor old horse was a symbol of some intelligent
men.

WILL. CARLETON.

THE RAGGEDY MAN

Oh, the Raggedy Man, he works for Pa,
And he's the goodest man you ever saw.
He comes to our house every day
And waters the horses and feeds 'em hay.
And he opens the shed—and we allist laugh
When he drives out our little old wooblely calf.
An' nen ef our hired girl says he can,
He milks the cows for 'Lizabeth Ann.
Ain't he an awful good Raggedy Man?
Raggedy, Raggedy, Raggedy Man.

Why, the Raggedy Man, he is so good
He splits the kindlin' and chops the wood,
An' nen he spades in our garden too,
An' does most things 'at boys can't do.
He climbed clean up in our big tree,
An' shooked a apple down for me,
An' 'nother one too for 'Lizabeth Ann,
An 'nother one too for the Raggedy Man.
Ain't he an awful kind Raggedy Man?
Raggedy, Raggedy, Raggedy Man.

An' the Raggedy Man, he knows most rhymes,
An' tells 'em, ef I be good, sometimes.
Knows about giants an' griffuns and elves,
An' the squidgicum squees, 'at swallers theirselves.
An' right by the pump in our pasture lot
He showed me the hole 'at the wunks is got,
'At lives away deep in the ground, an' can
Turn into me or 'Lizabeth Ann.
Ain't he a funny old Raggedy Man?
Raggedy, Raggedy, Raggedy Man.

The Raggedy Man one time when he
Wus makin' a little brown 'orry for me,
Says, "When you're big like your Pa is,
An' you go to keep a fine store like his,
An' be a rich merchunt, an' wear fine clothes,
Ei, what an you go to be, goodness knows."
An' nen he laughed at 'Lizabeth Ann.
An' I says, "M' go to be a Raggedy Man,
I'm jist go to be a nice Raggedy Man,
Raggedy, Raggedy, Raggedy Man.

J. WHITCOMB RILEY.

WAUKEN UP

WULL I hae tae speak again
  Tae thae weans o' mine?—
Aucht o'clock, and weel I ken
  The schule gangs in at nine.
Little hauds me but tae gang
  And fetch the muckle whup—
Oh, ye sleepy-headed rogues,
  Will ye wauken up?

Ne'er a mither had sic faucht;
  No' a moment's ease—
Cleed Tam as ye like, at nicht
  His breeks are through the knees.
Thread is no' for him ava,
  It winna hud the grip—
Maun I speak again, ye rogues,
  Will ye wauken up?

Tam, the very last tae bed,
He winna rise ava,
Last tae get his books and slate,
Last tae win awa;
Sic a limb for tricks and fun,
Heeds na what I say;
Rab and Jamie—but the plagues,
Wull they sleep a' day?

There they come, the three at ainee,
And lookin' gleg and fell,
Hoo they ken their bits o' claes
Beats me fair tae tell.
Wash yer wee bit faces clean,
And here's yer bite and sup,
Never was mair wise-like bairns
Noo they've waukened up.

There the three are aff at last;
I watch them frae the door.
That Tam he's at his tricks again,
I count them by the score.
He's pit his fit afore wee Rab
And coupit Jamie doon,
Could I lay my hands on him
I'd mak' him claw his croon.

Noo tae get my wark in hand,
I'll ha'e a busy day;
But, losh, the house is unca quate
Noo they're a' away.
At dinner time I look the clock
When it comes roon' tae three,
For cuddlin' doon or waukenin' up
They're dear, dear bairns tae me.

ALEX. ANDERSON.

By kind permission of the Author.

ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL

A FRIEND of mine was married to a scold—
To me he came and all his troubles told.
Said he, "She's like a woman raving mad."
"Alas, my friend," said I, "that's very bad."
"No, not so bad," said he, "for with her, true,
I had both house and land and money, too."
"That was well," said I.
"No, not so well," said he,
"For I and her own brother
Went to law with one another;
I was cast, the suit was lost,
And every penny went to pay the cost."
"That was bad," said I.
"No, not so bad," said he,
"For we agreed that he the house should keep,
And give to me four-score of Yorkshire sheep,
All fat and fair and fine they were to be."
"Well, then," said I, "sure that was well for thee."
"No, not so well," said he,
"For when the sheep I got
They every one died of the rot."
"That was bad," said I.
"No, not so bad," said he,
"For I had thought to scrape the fat,
And keep it in an oaken vat,
Then into tallow melt for winter's store."
"Well, then," said I, "that's better than before."
"'Twas not so well," said he,
"For having got a clumsy fellow
To scrape the fat and melt the tallow,

Into the melting fat the fire catches,
And like brimstone matches
Burnt my house to ashes."
"That was bad," said I.
"No, not so bad," said he; "for what is best,
My scolding wife has gone among the rest!"

ANON.

A LESSON WITH THE FAN

IF you want to learn the lesson with the fan,
I'm quite prepared to teach you all I can;
So, ladies every one,
Pray observe how it is done,
This simple little lesson with the fan!

If you chance to be invited to a ball
To meet some one—that you don't expect at all,
And you want him close beside you,
While a dozen friends divide you—
Well, of course, it's most unladylike to call—

So you look at him a minute, nothing more,
Then you drop your eyes demurely on the floor,
And you wave your fan, just so,
Well towards you, don't you know—
It's a delicate suggestion, nothing more!

When you see him coming to you, simple you,
Oh! be very, very careful what you do;
With your fan just idly play,
And look down as if to say
It's a matter of indifference to you!

Then you flutter and you fidget with it, so!
And you hide your little nose behind it low,
Till when he begins to speak
You just lay it on your cheek
In the fascinating manner that you know!

And when he tells the old tale o'er and o'er,
And vows that he will love you evermore,
Gather up your little fan
And secure him while you can—
It's a delicate suggestion, nothing more!

F. E. WEATHERLY.

JOSIAR

I NEVER kin forgit the day
That we went out a-walkin'
And sat down on the river bank
And kept on hours a-talkin'.
He twisted up my apron string
An' folded it together,
And said he thought for harvest time
'Twas cur'us kind o' weather.

The sun went down as we sat there,
Josiar seemed uneasy;
And mother she began to call
"Loweezy! Come, Loweezy."
And then Josiar spoke right up
As I was just a-startin',
An' said, "Loweezy, what's the use
Of us two ever partin'?"

It kind o' took me by surprise,
And yet I knew 'twas comin',
I'd heard it all the summer long
In every wild bee's hummin'.

I meant to hide my love from him,
But seems as if he knew it;
I'd studied out the way I'd act,
But la—I couldn't do it.

It darker grew as we sat there,
But Josiar seemed quite easy,
And mother had to call again—
"Loweezy! Come, Loweezy."

ANON.

SEEIN' THINGS AT NIGHT

I AIN'T afeard of snakes, or toads, or bugs, or worms, or mice,
An' things 'at girls are skeered of I think are awful nice.
I'm pretty brave, I guess, and yet I hate to go to bed,
For when I'm tucked up warm and snug, and when my prayers are said,
Mother tells me "happy dreams," and takes away the light,
And leaves me lyin' all alone an' seein' things at night.

Sometimes they're in a corner, sometimes they're by the door,
Sometimes they're all a-standin' in the middle of the floor,
Sometimes they're a-sittin' down, sometimes they're walkin' round,
So softly and so creepy-like they never make a sound,

Sometimes they're as black as ink, an' other times
they're white,
But the colour ain't no difference when you see things
at night.

Once when I licked a feller 'at had just moved on our
street,
And father sent me up to bed without a bite to eat,
I woke up in the dark an' saw things standing in a
row
A-lookin' at me cross-eyed, an' pintin' at me—so.
Oh, my, I was so skeered that time I never slept a
mite.
It's almost always when I'm bad I see things at
night.

Lucky thing I ain't a girl, or I'd be skeered to death.
Bein' I'm a boy I duck my head and hold my breath,
An' I am, oh, so sorry I'm a naughty boy, an' then
I promise to be better, an' I say my prayers again—
Gran'ma tells me that's the only way to make it
right
When a feller has been wicked, and sees things at
night.

An' so when other naughty boys would coax me into
sin,
I try to skwash the tempter's voice 'at urges me
within,
An' when there's pie for supper, or cakes 'at's big and
nice,
I want to—but I do not pass my plate for them
things twice.
No, rather let starvation wipe me slowly out of sight
Than I should keep a-livin' on an' seein' things at
night.

EUGENE FIELD.

A LITTLE MAIDEN'S GOWN

A LITTLE Quaker maiden, with dimpled cheek and chin,
Before an ancient mirror stood, and viewed her form within.
She wore a gown of sober grey, a cape demure and prim,
With only simple fold and hem, yet dainty, neat, and trim;
Her bonnet, too, was grey and stiff; its only line of grace
Was in the lace, so soft and white, "that framed her rosy face."
Quoth she, "Oh, how I hate this hat! I hate this gown and cape,
I do wish all my clothes were not of such outlandish shape.
The children passing by to school have ribbons on their hair,
The girl next door wears blue; oh, dear, If I could dare,
I know what I should like to do" (the words were whispered low,
Lest such tremendous heresy should reach her aunts below).
Calmly reading in the parlour sat the good aunts, Faith and Peace,
Little dreaming how rebellious throbbed the heart of their young niece.
All their prudent, humble teaching wilfully she cast aside,
And, her mind now fully conquered by sad vanity and pride,

She, with trembling heart and fingers, on a hassock sat her down,
And this little Quaker sinner sewed a tuck into her gown.
"Little Patience, art thou ready? Fifth-day meeting time has come,
Mercy Jones and Goodman Elder with his wife have left their home."
'Twas Aunt Faith's sweet voice that called her, and the naughty little maid,
Gliding down the dark old stairway, hoped their notice to evade,
Keeping slyly in their shadow as they went out at the door,
Ah, never little Quakeress a guiltier conscience bore.
Dear Aunt Faith walked looking upward, all her thoughts were pure and holy,
And Aunt Peace walked gazing downward, with a humble mind and lowly,
But "tuck, tuck," chirped the sparrows at the little maiden's side,
And in passing Farmer Watson's where the barn door opened wide,
Every sound that issued from it, every grunt and every cluck,
Seemed to her affrightened fancy like "a tuck," "a tuck," "a tuck."
In meeting, Goodman Elder spoke of pride and vanity,
While all the friends seemed looking round that dreadful tuck to see;
How it swelled in its proportion, till it seemed to fill the air,
And the heart of little Patience grew heavier with her care.
Oh, the glad relief to her when, prayers and exhortations ended,
Behind her two good aunties her homeward way she wended.

The pomp and vanities of life she'd seized with eager arms,
And deeply she had tasted of the world's alluring charms,
Yea, to the dregs had drained them, and only this to find,
All was vanity of spirit and vexation of the mind.
So, repentant, saddened, humbled, on her hassock she sat down,
And this little Quaker sinner ripped the tuck out of her gown.

ANON.

A SHOWER

AMANDO wore a scarlet hood
With ringlets peeping under,
Her gown was satin, stiff and good,
When—sakes, a clap of thunder!
She caught her skirts and flew amain
To seek a shelter from the rain.

With broidered flounces all forlorn,
This much besprinkled maiden
Found refuge in an ancient thorn
With milky blossoms laden,
Then blushed and started—for she spied
A youth who sheltered by her side.

Divided by the veil of May,
Yet very close together,
It fell that circumspectly they
Discoursed upon the weather.
But, gossips, 'tis the eye that speaks,
And finds its sport in glowing cheeks.

And sure 'twas Cupid kept them there
By magical beguiling,
Until it dawned upon the pair
That all who passed were smiling.
For lo! outside that hawthorn bower
It had been fine for half an hour.

JESSIE POPE.

By kind permission of the Authoress.

THE TRAVELLER'S DREAM

A LITTLE room in a little hotel,
In a little country town,
On a little bed with musty smell
A man was lying down.

A great big man with a great big snore—
For he lay on his back, you see—
And a peaceful look on his face he wore,
For sound asleep was he.

In his dreams what marvellous trips he made,
What heaps of stuff he sold!
And nobody failed, and every one paid,
And his orders were good as gold.

He smiled, and smothered a scornful laugh
When his fellow-commercials blowed,
For he knew no other had sold the half
Of what his order-book showed.

He got this letter from home one day:—
"Dear Sir,—We've no fitter term
To use in your case than simply to say
Henceforth you are one of the firm."

And a glorious change this made in his life;
He now from the road withdrew,
And, really, soon got to know his wife,
His son, and his daughter too.

But with a thump — bang—whang—thump — bang again,
The "boots" had knocked at the door;
"It's very near time for that 6.10 train!"
The commercial's dream was o'er.

ANON.

JOHNNY, ME AND YOU

OH! Johnnie! 'ere's a dinner party — Look at all them things!
Oh! look at all them dishes—Wot that powdered footman brings!
Well, if they eat all that there food—'Ow poorly they will be!
'Ere, jump upon my back, Johnnie!—Now then, you can see!
Oh! Johnnie! look at that ole gent,—They've took 'is plate away!
Afore 'e's finished 'arf 'is food,—That is a game to play!
No! that ain't beer they're drinkin' of—Not likely, why, that's fizz!
Oh! look at that great pink thing there,—That's salmon fish, that is!
I think there's some mistake 'ere, Johnnie!—We ain't arst to-night!
We could a-pick'd a bit, eh! Johnnie?—We've got the appetite!

Seein' all that food there makes yer 'ungry, that it do!
We ain't 'ad no dinner-parties lately! Johnnie! me and you!
Oh! Johnnie! look at that ole gal,—With only 'arf a gown,
The hice she's swaller'd must 'ave cost—Ah! well nigh 'arf-a-crown.
She's 'avin' 'arf a quartern now, and wants it, that she do,
When I've eat too much hice myself,—I've 'ad that feelin' too!
Oh! Johnnie! they've pulled down the blind,—I call it nasty mean.
They're all ashamed, that's wot they is,—Ashamed o' bein' seen.
A-eatin' all that food like that—'Tain't decent, that it ain't!
We wouldn't pull no blinds down—If we'd 'arf o' their complaint!
So come along, let's 'oof it, Johnnie,—'Oof it to the Strand,
Now don't yer go a-cryin', Johnnie—'Ere, give me your 'and.
'Ungry, Johnnie? So am I,—We'll get a brown or two,
A-callin' "Keb or kerridge, Captain!" Johnnie! me and you!

CORNEY GRAIN.

By kind permission of Messrs Reynolds & Co., Publishers, London.

THE PUZZLED DUTCHMAN

I'M a proken-hearted Deutcher
Vot's villed mit creef and shame,
I dells you vot der drouple is—
I doesn't know my name.

You dinks dis fery vunny, eh?
Ven you der schtory hear,
You vill not vonder den so mooch
It vos so schtrange and queer.

Mine moder had two leedle tvins,
Dey vos me and mine broder,
Ve lookt so fery mooch alike
No von knew vich vrom toder.

Von of der poys vas Yawcob,
Und Hans der oder's name,
But den it made no tifferent,
Ve both got called der same.

Vell, von of us got tead,
Yaw, Mynheer, dat ish so,
But vedder Hans or Yawcob,
Mine moder she don'd know.

Und so I am in drouples,
I gan't kit troo my head,
Vedder I'm Hans vot's lifing
Or Yawcob vot is tead.

CHARLES F. ADAMS.

AFTER THE MARRIAGE

Three Days After.

"My precious Popsy Wopsy love, I'm going out," he softly said,
And she upon his manly breast all lovingly reclined her head.
"You will not leave your birdie, dear?" "I shall not, darling, rest content,"
And then they kissed, a dozen times, "Ta, ta," "Bye-bye." And so he went.

Three Weeks After.

"My dear, I'm going out to-night, pray don't sit up,
I may be late,"
She laughs a little rippling laugh, "Oh never fear, I
shall not wait";
And having lighted a cigar, above her in the chair he
bent,
And kissed her somewhat languidly—a single kiss—
and so he went.

Three Months After.

"Irene, I'm going out to-night." She doesn't even
raise her eyes from Mrs Blankwright's latest tale.
Nor does it cause him much surprise. He hums an
ever popular air, while on his coat he pins a rose,
"I'm going out," he coolly says. "Why don't you
go, then?" And so he goes.

Three Years After.

"Yes Mrs C., I'm going out." "'Twould be a blessing
if you'd stay."
"I wish, upon my word, I might." "You horrid
wretch, what's that you say?
I only wish I were a man, your insults then I'd soon
resent."
"I wish you were, and not my wife,"—and followed
by the broom he went.

ANON.

WHEN I WAS IN LOVE

'TIS many and many a year ago,
And now my hair is white as snow;
But that wonderful time I shall ne'er forget,
Though I blush when I remember it yet—
When I was in love.

I was only a callow and rustic youth,
And hadn't even a moustache, forsooth,
My pay was small, and my prospects less,
And I could not afford an evening dress—
When I was in love.

In my Sunday suit I went to a dance,
And there I met my first romance;
O Matilda Jane with the golden hair!
I thought her an angel then, I swear—
When I was in love.

She was sweet seventeen, but tall and stout,
And we danced every one of the dances out;
And I recollect when we were done
That the weight on my arm seemed half a ton—
When I was in love.

We sat down to rest on the stair in a draught,
Ate fourteen ices, and talked and laughed;
My collar was limp and my tie a wreck
And I know I got up with a very stiff neck—
When I was in love.

And as home we went in the pouring rain,
Much draggled and wet was Matilda Jane,
But we sat down and talked on every stile,
And it took ten hours to go a mile—
When I was in love.

Then, though my heart like an engine beat,
I tried to kiss that maiden sweet,
But my stiff neck came in the way, I suppose,
For I missed her lips and kissed her nose—
When I was in love.

About that girl how I used to rave!
And what silly presents and things I gave!
Every copper I had upon her I spent,
And to buy her a ring a year's salary went—
When I was in love.

How carefully day by day I dressed,
And my well-worn trousers brushed and pressed!
And what hours I stood at my looking-glass!
I must surely have been an awful ass—
When I was in love.

I have lived since then a longish life,
And Matilda Jane is my buxom wife;
And though long settled down in domestic ways,
I look back and bless those happy days,
For I'm still in love!

ALEX. SMALL.

By kind permission of the Author.

A BILLET-DOUX

SHE was a simple country maid,
So William, as a brief vocation,
More peacefully the time to pass
Essayed—flirtation;

And, as they strolled in twilight dim,
While near the time of parting drew,
Asked if she would like to have from him
A billet-doux.

Of French this simple maid knew nought,
But doubting not 'twas something nice,
Upon its meaning quickly thought,
Then in a trice

Upwards she turned her pretty head,
Her rosy lips together drew
For purpose plain, and coyly said,
"Yes, Billy, do."
And William did.

ANON.

A SIMILAR CASE

JACK, I hear you've gone and done it.
Yes, I know; most fellows will;
Went and tried it once myself, sir,
Though, you see, I'm single still.
And you met her—did you tell me
Down at Newport, last July,
And resolved to ask the question
At a soirée. So did I.

I suppose you left the ballroom
With its music and its light;
For they say love's flame is brightest
In the darkness of the night.
Well, you walked along together,
Overhead the starlit sky,
And I'll bet—old man confess it—
You were frightened. So was I.

So you strolled along the terrace,
Saw the summer moonlight pour
All its radiance on the waters
As they rippled on the shore.
Till at length you gathered courage,
When you saw that none were nigh—
Did you draw her close and tell her
That you loved her? So did I.

Well, I needn't ask you further,
And I'm sure I wish you joy;
Think I'll wander down and see you
When you're married—eh, old boy?
When the honeymoon is over,
And you're settled down, we'll try—
What? The deuce you say? Rejected;
You rejected? So was I.

AMERICAN.

THE PASSENGER FOR CREWE

AT half-past six on a winter's eve,
The Irish Mail was about to leave
The Terminus, Euston Square,
When an elderly gentleman, hot and flushed,
Through the lingering crowd on the platform brushed,
And straight to the door of a first-class rushed,
In a state of wild despair.

Himself and his luggage inside were crammed
By the aid of a porter; the door was slammed,
As the train had almost started.
The engine snorted, as who should say,
"If you want to be left behind, you may."
Then a "Right behind!" and a "Right away!"
And into the darkness without delay
The Irish Mail departed.

The elderly gentleman breathed again
When he found himself safely inside the train
That had nearly gone off without him.

Asleep in a very short time he dropped,
But awoke when the train at Willesden stopped,
And out of the window his head he popped,
And anxiously looked about him.

"Guard!" guard!" he exclaimed, in direst need;
And the kindly official came up with speed.
"Guard, have we arrived at Crewe?"
"No, sir," said the man, as he turned aside,
A very perceptible grin to hide.
"Oh, thank you," the elderly gent replied,
"I am much obliged to you."

Then the engine whistled and moved ahead.
And rapidly out of the station sped
The Irish Boat Express;
And the elderly gentleman, as before,
Curled up in his corner, and soon once more
Fell sweetly asleep, and began to snore
In dreamy forgetfulness.

And after a time he awoke again,
As the brake was applied and the groaning train
Rolled into Rugby station.
He pulled down the window, and peering out,
For the name of the station he looked about,
And finding none, he began to shout
For the guard in desperation.

"Guard!" guard!" in agonised tones he cried;
And the guard came hurrying to his side.
"Guard, have we arrived at Crewe?"
"No, sir, it's a long ways from this yer.
I'll tell you what, sir; you needn't stir,
But when we get there, why, I'll call you, sir."
"Oh, thank you, guard," said the passenger,
"I am greatly obliged to you."

The guard as he shut himself in his van,
Thought, "Ain't he a fussy old gentleman?
But he's good for a tip," he said.
They stopped at Nuneaton and Stafford, too,
And when, about ten minutes overdue,
The train rattled noisily into Crewe,
He had such a number of things to do,
That the thought of the gent in the first-class flew
Clean out of the poor guard's head.

And the innocent passenger took his rest,
And never (poor man!) for an instant guessed
That Crewe had been left behind;
And possibly, if he had been aware
Of the terrible truth he'd have torn his hair,
Or in some other manner portrayed despair,
But he sat as he might in his own arm-chair,
And peacefully slumbered without a care,
And trusting this guard to awake him there,
Reposed with easy mind.

On, on the train through the darkness flew,
And now it had run to the north of Crewe
A third of a mile or more,
When all of a sudden a something brought
To the mind of the guard the appalling thought,
Of the elderly first-class gent he ought
To have called some time before.

With trembling hand and bewildered brain
He clutched at the cord, and along the train
To the driver the signal ran.
For here was a gent, and a first-class too,
Perhaps a director, for all he knew,
Who'd told him he wanted to stop at Crewe,
And was now being carried away right through
To Chester, at least, poor man!

And quickly the driver applied the brake,
Though he couldn't make out why the guard should take
Such a sudden and grave decision;
And the passengers put out their heads to see
What the reason for stopping the train could be,
And some were affrighted and some were free
In their language regarding the company,
And somebody shouted, "It's all U P;
We're in for a big collision."

And then as the train moved slowly back
Their faces grew blacker and yet more black,
And their wonderment still increased.
And after a time they arrived at Crewe,
And the guard was in a decided stew,
For the risk he was running full well he knew,
But he thought, "The old gent didn't seem a screw;
If he does as a first-class ought to do,
He's good for a bob at least."

So he put a good face on a baddish job,
Looking smart and cheerful to earn his "bob"—
No guard on the line was sprucer—
And so without losing a moment's space,
He ran to the door at his nimblest pace,
And opened it wide with a smiling face,
Saying, "Here we are at Crewe, sir."

"We're just a bit late, sir—I hope you've slept,"
And into the carriage he lightly stepped;
And then without more ado,
To take out the gentleman's things began,
Saying, "Please look as lively, sir, as you can.
Have you got any other things in the van?"
"Stay, stay," said the elderly gentleman;
"I'm not getting out at Crewe.

"I wanted to know when the train got there,
But the reason, of course, is my own affair;
Still, I don't mind telling *you*.
The fact is, I've lately been rather ill—
I think I must somewhere have caught a chill—
And, of course, I'm obliged to be careful still,
On pain of another long doctor's bill;
So, on leaving my home at Camden Hill,
I promised my daughter I'd take a pill
When the train arrived at Crewe."

ANON.

"THE PENNY YE MEANT TO GI'E."

THERE'S a funny tale of a stingy man,
Who was none too good, but might have been worse,
Who went to church on a Sunday night,
And carried along his well-filled purse.

When the sexton came with his begging plate,
The church was but dim with the candle's light
The stingy man fumbled all through his purse
And chose a coin by touch, and not sight.

"It's an odd thing, now, that guineas should be
So like unto pennies in shape and size.
"I'll give a penny," the stingy man said,
"The poor must not gifts of pennies despise."

The penny fell down with a clatter and ring!
And back in his seat leaned the stingy man.
"The world is so full of the poor," he thought,
I can't help them all—I give what I can."

Ha, ha! how the sexton smiled to be sure,
To see the gold guinea fall into his plate!
Ha, ha! how the stingy man's heart was wrung,
Perceiving his blunder, but just too late!

"No matter," he said, "in the Lord's account
That guinea of gold is set down to me.
They lend to him who give to the poor;
It will not so bad an investment be."

"Na, na, mon," the chuckling sexton cried out,
"The Lord is na cheated—He kens thee well;
He knew it was only by accident
That out o' thy fingers the guinea fell!

"He keeps an account, na doubt, for the puir.
But in that account he'll set down to thee
Na mair o' that golden guinea, my mon,
Than the one bare penny ye meant to gi'e!"

There's a comfort, too, in the little tale—
A serious side as well as a joke;
A comfort for all the generous poor,
In the comical words the sexton spoke.

A comfort to think that the good Lord knows
How generous we really desire to be,
And will give us credit in his account
For all the pennies we long to "gi'e."

ANON.

BRIDGET BRADY

O BRIDGET BRADY 's beautiful, her cheeks are like the rose,
In ringlets rare her raven hair adown her shoulder flows.
The light that lies within her eyes, the heavens might emulate,
I'm very fond of Bridget, but I think I'll marry Kate.

O Bridget, wise and beautiful, has wealth in plenteous store,
And fortune fine in calves and kine, and lovers half a score.
Her faintest smile would saints beguile, or sinners captivate—
O I think a dale of Bridget, but I'll surely marry Kate.

When Bridget takes her walks abroad, the air is filled with song,
And round to greet her dancing feet, the bright young daisies throng;
The rose and thyme their sweets combine her breath to imitate,
But they can't compare with Bridget, yet I'm going to marry Kate.

O Bridget loves me dearly with a love beyond compare,
And when we meet her eyes entreat that I her love may share;
And as I gaze with soul ablaze, I can't exaggerate,
The love I bear for Bridget, though I'm vowed to marry Kate.

Now to let you know the raison why I cannot have my way,
Nor bid my heart decide the part the lover must obey:
The calves and kine of Kate are nine, while Bridget owns but eight,
So with all my love for Bridget, I'm compelled to marry Kate.

WM. BOYLE.

By kind permission of the Author.

CATCH ME

'TWAS Maudie's thirteenth birthday,
On the second of November,
A day her worthy parents
Have good reason to remember.
The rectory was filled with Maudie's friends,
And to ensure it should be a proper party,
Well, of course, they asked the curate.

The children played at Hide-and-Seek,
The game was going grand,
When Cousin Clarence noticed Maudie whisper close at hand:
"O catch me, catch me—Clarence,
I've never been caught before;
Catch me, catch me quickly,
I am just behind the door,
I'll run, and if you catch me,
You may kiss me on the cheek;
Now catch me, catch me—and mind don't scratch me,
I revel in Hide-and-Seek."

The fun was fast and furious,
The house was fairly teeming,
With children running, racing, shouting, scurrying, and screaming;
The grown-ups soon joined in the game,
The fathers and the mothers,
And Maude's new French governess
Was hiding with the others.

Mam'selle was all excitement,
And, *ma foi*, at last she spied,
The curate coming near to where she hid,
And so she cried—
"Ah, catch me, catch me—*Curie*,
I never was catched before;
Catch me, catch me, *vite*, *me voici*,
Me squashy behind ze door.
I run, you catch me—*coup de bouche*—
'Tis French sometimes you speak.
Ah, catch *donc*, *prenez garde*,
Do not scratch me,
But give me ze Hide-and-Seek."

The maids and all the coachmen
Heard the noise out in the kitchen,
And Bridget, that's the parlour maid,
Said she was fairly achin'
To play the game herself, hooroo,
And keep the pot a bubblin',
She'd never played it shure since
Good St Patrick's Day in Dublin.

The row began, and even cook,
Who's nearly twenty stone,
Joined in the chase, while Bridget's Oirish brogue rang out alone—

"Och, catch me, catch me—Jarvey,
Shure oi nivver was caught before;
Catch me, catch me quick,
Oi'm afther hiding nigh the door;
I'll run, an' if ye catch me,
Shure I'll kiss ye twice a week,
So catch me, catch me, and, devil ye, scratch me,
Begorra it's Hide-and-Seek,
Begorra it's Hide-and-Seek."

ARTHUR H. CROFTS.

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50 Bond Street, London, W.

AS HIS MOTHER USED TO DO

HE criticised her puddings and he criticised her cakes,
He wished she'd make some biscuits as his mother used to make.
She didn't wash the dishes, and she didn't make the stew,
Nor even darn his stockings as his mother used to do.

His mother had six children, but by night her work was done;
His wife seemed drudging always though she only had the one;
His mother always was well dressed, his wife should be so too,
If only she would manage as his mother used to do.

Ah, well, she was not perfect, though she tried to do her best,
Until at length she thought her turn had come to have a rest.

So when one day he went the same old rigmarole all through,
She turned and boxed his ears as his mother used to do.

ANON.

THE HINDOO'S PARADISE

FALL from a ship's mast on to her deck,
Fall from a housetop and break your neck,
Fall from the highest pinnacle above—
But never, never, never fall in love.

A Hindoo died (a happy thing to do
When fifty years united to a shrew),
Released, he hopefully for entrance cries
Before the gate of Brahma's Paradise.
"Hast been through Purgatory?" Brahma said
"I have been married!" (and he hung his head).
"Pass in, pass in, and welcome too, my son;
Marriage and Purgatory are as one."
He scarce had entered in the garden fair,
Another Hindoo asked admission there.
The self-same question Brahma asked again,
"Hast been through Purgatory?"
"No! What then?"
"Thou canst not enter," Brahma made reply.
"He who went in was there no more than I!"
"Ah! that is true, but he hath married been,
And so, on earth, hath suffered for all sin."
"'Tis well! 'tis well! for I've been married *twice*."
"Begone! we want no fools in Paradise!"

ANON.

III. PROSE PIECES

AND SHE WAS HIS

THE scene was in a drawing-room in West Brompton, and a strange idea came into her mind. She was romantic, and all kinds of strange ideas flitted in and out of her pretty, silly little head.

Stamping as hard as she could a patent-leather boot on the carpet, throwing back her shoulders, and pointing to the Japanese cabinet in the corner of the room with a commanding gesture, she said in the peremptory tone of one who will not brook contradiction, whom nothing can turn from a set purpose:

"Open one of those three drawers."

The young man precipitated himself toward the Japanese cabinet.

"Don't be in such a hurry, pray. First hear what I have to say."

He stopped suddenly, as if she had told him the drawers were charged with dynamite, ready to explode as soon as the cabinet was touched.

"Open one of those drawers, and be careful how you choose, for in each one I have placed an answer to the favour you have been begging and praying for so long. I have made up my mind to let this speak for me, and if you put your hand on the paper on which 'Yes' is written, then I must yield to you. Then I am yours. But if the paper in the drawer says 'No,' you understand 'No' it must be."

"I am sure it will be against me," said her Bassanio, who was not so poetical as he was ardent. "Oh, I say it is not fair, you know; it's really too cruel, 'pon my soul it is."

"You must take your chance," she replied, tragically. "At any rate, I shall have this consolation—if you choose the answer you want, it will be fate that gives me to you. Tell me, do you believe in fate?"

"I don't know," he answered, hesitating between the three drawers.

He paused to look into her face for guidance, but he found none there; so, closing his eyes and trusting to Providence, he elected for the middle drawer.

He opened it, took out a tiny roll of scented pink paper and handed it to her.

"Well, what's my sentence?"

"Read it yourself," and she held up the rose leaf of paper, upon which was written the word "Yes."

So she was his; she had given her word, and she resigned herself to her fate. But after a few minutes of extreme ecstasy, the young man became suddenly cool.

"What's the matter, darling?" she asked, noting the change. "Are you not happy now?"

"Not quite."

"Not quite! Am I not yours?"

"Yes; but I owe you, don't you see, to chance. I won you by chance. You did not come to me of your own free will, did you now?"

"Don't be so silly," she said, tightening her arms about his neck. "If I must tell you, you old darling, I put the same answer in every one of the drawers."

ANON.

ERCHIE GOES TO A BAZAAR

THERE was a very self-conscious look in Erchie's face on Saturday when I met him with a hand-painted drain-pipe of the most generous proportions under his arm.

"It's aye the way," said he. "Did ye ever hae ony o' yer parteecular freens meet ye when ye were takin' hame a brace o' grouse? No' a bit o' ye! But if it's a poke o' onything, or a parcel frae the country, whaur they havena ony broon paper, but just *The Weekly Mail*, and nae richt twine, ye'll no' can gang the length o' the street without comin' across everybody that gangs to yer kirk."

He put the drain-pipe down on the pavement—it was the evening—and sat on the end of it.

"So you are the latest victim to the art movement, Erchie?" I said. "You will be putting away your haircloth chairs and introducing the sticky plush variety. I was suspicious of that new dado in your parlour the day we had the tousy tea after Big Macphee's burial."

"Catch me!" said Erchie. "Them and their art! I wadna be encouragin' the deevils. If ye want to ken the way I'm gaun hame wi' this wally umbrella-staun', I'll tell ye the rale truth. It's jist this, that Jinnet's doon yonder at the Freemason's Bazaar wi' red-hot money in her pooch, and canna get awa' till it's done. She's bocht a tea-cosy besides this drain-pipe, and a toaster wi' puce ribbons on't for haudin' letters and papers, and she'll be in luck for yince if she disna win the raffle for the lady's bicycle that she had twa tickets for. Fancy me oot in Grove Street in the early mornin' learnin' Jinnet the bicycle, and her the granny o' seeven!

"Of course Jinnet's no' needin' ony bicycle ony mair than she's needin' a bassinette, but she has a saft hert and canna say no unless she's awfu' angry, and a young chap, speakin' awfu' Englified, wi' his hair a' vasaline, got roond her. She's waitin' behin' there to see if she wins the raffle, and to pick up ony bargains just a wee while afore the place shuts up—the rale time for bazaar bargains if ye divna get yer leg broken in the crush. I only went there mysel' to see if I could get her to come hame as lang as she had enough left to pay her fare on the skoosh car, but I micht as weel speak to the wind. She was fair raised ower a bargain in rabbits. It's an awfu' thing when yer wife tak's to bazaars; it's waur nor drink.

"It's a female complaint; ye'll no' find mony men bothered wi't, unless they happen to be ministers. Ye micht watch a lang while afore ye wad see me makin' tinsey 'ool ornaments wi' paste-heided preens for hingin' up in the best room o' dacent folk that never did me ony harm.

"There wad be nae such thing as bazaars if there werena ony weemen. If ye miss your lum hat, and canna find it to gang to a funeral, ye may be shair it was cut in scollops a' roond the rim, and covered wi' velvet, and that wee Jeanie pented flooers on't in her ain time to gie't the richt feenish for bein' an art workbasket at yer wife's stall in some bazaar.

"Maist weemen start it withoot meanin' ony hairm, maybe wi' a table-centre, or a lamp-shade, or a pair o' bedroom slippers. There's no' much wrang wi' that; but it's a beginnin', and the habit grows on them till they're scoorin' the country lookin' for a chance to contribute whit they ca' work to kirk bazaars and ony ither kinds o' bazaars that's handy.

"There's ither weemen—maistly younger and no' mairried—that's dyin' for a chance to be assistant stall-keepers, and wear white keps and aiprons, jist like tablemaids.

"That's the kind I'm feared for, and I'm nae chicken.

"When they see a man come into the bazaar and nae wife wi' him to tak' care o' him, they come swoopin' doon on him, gie him ony amount o' cheek, jist in fun, and ripe his pooches before he can button his jacket.

"I'm no' sayin' they put their hands in his pooches, but jist as bad; they look that nice, and sae fond o' his tie and the way he has o' wearin' his moustache, that he's kittley doon to the soles o' his feet and wad buy a steam road-roller frae them if he had the money for't. But they're no' sellin' steam road-rollers, the craturs! They're sellin' shillin' dolls at twa-and-six that can open and shut their een, and say 'Maw' and 'Paw.' They're sellin' carpet-slippers, or bonny wee bunches o' flooers, or raffle tickets for a rale heliotrope Persian cat. It's the flyest game I ken. When that puir sowl gets oot o' the place wi' naething in his pooches but his hands, and a dazed look in his een, the only thing he can mind is that she said her name was Maud, and that her hair was crimp, and that she didna put a preen in his coat-lapelle when she was puttin' the shillin' rose there, because she said a preen wad cut love. She said that to every customer she had for her flooers that day, wi' a quick look up in their face, and then droppin' her eyes confused like, and her face red, and a' the time her, as like as no', engaged to a man in India."

Erchie rose off the drain-pipe, and prepared to resume his way home.

"Well, good-night, old friend," I said. "I hope Mrs MacPherson will be lucky and get the bicycle."

"Dae ye, indeed?" said he. "Then ye're nae freen' o' mine. We're faur mair in the need o' a mangle."

"Then you can exchange for one."

"I'm no' that shair. Did I ever tell ye I ance won

a powney in a raffle? It was at the bazaar oor kirk had in Dr Jardine's time, when they got the organ. I was helpin' at the buffet, and I think they micht hae left me alone, me no' bein' there for fun, but at my tred; but wha cam' cravin' me to buy a ticket aff her but the doctor's guid-sister.

"'There's three prizes,' she says: 'a powney wi' broon harness, a marble nock, and a dizzen knifes and forks.'

"'I wad maybe risk it if it wasna for the powney,' I tell't her; 'I havena kep' a coachman for years, and I'm oot o' the way o' drivin' mysel'.'

"'Oh! ye needna be that feared, ye'll maybe no' get the powney,' said she, and I went awa' like a fool and took the ticket.

"The draw took place jist when the bazaar was shuttin' on the Setturday nicht. And I won the powney wi' the broon harness.

"I tore my ticket and thrieped it was a mistake, but I couldna get oot o't; they a' kent the powney was mine.

"It was stabled behind the bazaar, and had to be ta'en awa' that night. I offered it to onybody that wanted it for naething, but naebody wad tak' it aff my hands, because they a' said they had to tak' the car hame, and they wadna be allooed to tak' a powney into a car wi' them. So they left me wi' a bonny-like prize.

"I put its claes on the best way I could, fanklin' a' the straps, and dragged it hame. We lived in the close at the time, and I thocht maybe Jinnet wad let me keep it in the lobby till the Monday mornin' till I could see whit I could dae. But she wadna hear tell o't. She said it wad scrape a' the waxcloth wi' it's airn buits, and wad be a bonny thing to be nicherrin' a' Sunday, scandalisin' the neebours, forbye there bein' nae gress in the hoose to feed it on. I said I wad rise early in the mornin' and gaither

denty-lions for't oot at the Three-Tree Well, but she wadna let me have the powney inside the door.

"It wasna an awfu' big, broad powney, but a wee smout o' a thing they ca' a Shetland shawl powney, and its harness didna fit ony place at a'. It looked at the twa o' us, kind o' dazed like.

"'Ye're no' gaun to turn my hoose into a stable, and me jist cleaned it this very day,' said Jinnet.

"And am I gaun to walk the streets a' nicht wi't?" I asked, near greetin'.

"'Put it oot in the ash-pit, and the scavengers 'll tak' it awa' in the mornin',' she said; and I did that, forgettin' that the mornin' was the Sunday.

"But it didna maitter; the powney wasna there in the mornin', and I took guid care no' to ask for't."

HUGH FOULIS.

By kind permission of the Author.

HE LAUGHED LAST

A YOUNG man was sitting in the Grand Central Depot the other day, holding a baby in his arms, when the child began to cry so lustily as to attract the attention of everyone around him. By and by a waiting passenger walked over to him with a smile of pity on his face and said:

"A woman gave you that baby to hold while she went to see about her baggage, didn't she?"

"Yes."

"Ha! ha! ha! I tumbled to the fact as soon as I saw you. You expect her back, I suppose?"

"Of course."

"Ha! ha! ha! This is rich! Looking for her every minute, aren't you?"

"Yes, and I think she'll come back."

"Well this makes me laugh,—ha! ha! ha! I had a woman play that same trick on me in a Chicago depot once, but no one ever will again. Young man, you've been played on for a hayseed. I would advise you to turn that baby over to a policeman and get out of here before some newspaper reporter gets hold of you."

"Oh, she'll come back, she'll come back."

"She will, eh? Ha! ha! ha! The joke grows richer and richer. Now what makes you think she'll come back?"

"Because she's my wife and this is our baby."

"Oh—um—I see," muttered the fat man, who got over feeling tickled all at once, and seeing a dog that a farmer had tied to one of the seats with a piece of clothes-line, he went over and gave it three swift kicks.

ANON.

A PHENOMENAL BABY

"OH, George!" cried young Mrs Merry, running to meet her husband at the door, "I've something to tell you."

"No!" said George; "what is it?"

"Why, don't you think—the baby can talk! Yes, sir, actually talk! He's said ever and ever so many things. Come right into the nursery and hear him."

George went in.

"Now, baby," said mamma persuasively, "talk some for papa. Say, 'How do you do, papa?'"

"Goo, goo, goo, goo," says baby.

"Hear him!" says mamma ecstatically. "Wasn't that just as plain as plain can be?"

L

George says it is, and tries to think so too.

"Now say, 'I'm glad to see you, papa.'"

"Da, da, boo, boo, boo."

"Did you ever?" cries mamma. "He can just say everything. Now, you precious little honey-bunny boy, say, 'Are you well, papa?'"

"Boo, ba, de, goo, goo."

"There it is," said mamma. "Did you ever know a child of his age who could really talk as he does? He can just say everything he wants to; can't you, you own dear little darling precious you?"

"Goo, goo, dee, de, di, goo."

"Hear that? He says, 'Of course I am,' just as plainly as anybody could say it. Oh, George, it really worries me to have him so phenomenally bright! These very brilliant babies nearly always die young."

AMERICAN.

A SCHOOL EXAMINATION

HAVING been returned triumphantly Bailie, at the heid o' the *pole*—altho' there wis nae pole that I saw—as the working man's candidate (aye stick in wi' the working man, they hae maist votes) o' the Schule Brod, it wisna lang till I set aboot wark. At the first meeting I wis appointed principal examiner o' the schules, so I at once made it my business tae see that the schulemaisters under us were doing their duty. To this end I sent a note tae the heidmaister, Mr Broon, saying I wid ca' in an' see if I approved o' the way in which the bairns were eddicated.

On arriving, half an 'oor before the time—it's best tae tak' them unawares—the maister took me up tae his platform an' made me sit doon in his easy-chair, so that I could see the hale schule at once, as it were.

"Sit doon, yer honour," says the maister, "while I show you my method of moulding their tender minds into a proper discrimination, so as to fit them to take their place in this busy and bustling world of ours," an' wi' that he made a bow tae me.

"If ye wid jist haun me up the taws," I says, "I wid feel mair at hame. Taws in the haun's of the principal examiner o' the Schule Brod'll be like the sceptre in the haun' o' the king; it shows his position, an' adds dignity. Thank ye. Noo proceed," an' I put a peppermint drap in my mooth an' prepared tae listen patiently.

The schulemaister cries oot, "Dux in number four class begin."

At this the laddie got up an' read frae a book, "The travellers in five minutes were plunged into gross darkness, an' in other five minutes they——"

"Stop! stop!" I cries. "Guid gracious, Mister Broon, d'ye no explain as ye go alang? Noo, what is 'gross darkness'?" I says to the laddie.

"Great darkness," he replied.

"Weel, in a manner so it is," I says, "but that's no' a scientific answer; that's only a kin' o' guess. Work it out by the rule o' three."

The laddie couldna answer, an' the maister seemed dumbfoundered, so I says—

"Noo, I'll let ye see hoo tae dae it. Listen. Darkness. Ye a' ken what darkness is: it's after the sun has disappeared an' fore the lamps are lichted, an' a' is black an' dark. That is darkness. Weel, ye a' ken what a gross is? A gross is twelve dizzen—a huner an' forty-fower—multiply darkness by 144 an' ye have the answer—'gross darkness.'"

Here a' the bairns gied a cheer, an' I says tae the maister, "That's algebra for ye. Gang on wi' the story."

. . . "in ither five minutes the travellers rested an' looked along the horizon——"

"What's that?"

"The horizon, sir."

"The horizon! Let me see. Ah, never mind that big word, we'll mak' that a pass-over. I suppose it's the name o' some French toon in the Heelan's, an' I'm sure nane o' us'll ever be there; but it's your duty, Mr Broon, tae explain a' thae things tae the bairns: that's what we pay ye for. I doot ye're no jist as weel up in your Latin derivations as ye should be. Weel, I wid like to try them wi' a coont or twa, an' alloo me tae say, Mr Broon, that if they're no better up in the coontin' than they are at the jography, it'll be my duty tae report ye tae the Parochial Board tae get your government grant stopped, or at least made a hantle sma'er. It's perfect nonsense to keep up sich gran' schules if the weans are no kept better up tae the mark. Come 'ere, you wee fellow wi' the red heid. Tak' yer slate an' mark this doon: 'If a cannon ba', going wi' double its usual ferocity, wis fired aff at Jamaica Brig at seven o'clock at nicht, in the teeth o' a strong north-west gale o' win', when micht it be expected (weather an' ither circumstances permitting) tae arrive at Demerara?' Noo try that."

No ane in the hale schule could work it oot, an' Mr Broon declared it wis a question only fit for professors in the college. So, as I mindit that I had forgot the way tae work it oot mysel', I thocht it best tae say nae mair aboot it, an' I cries, "Weel, weel, bairns, jist keep min' o't an' try't at your leisure; and noo maybe Mr Broon'll gie us a recitation, and then I'll gie ye a' a hauf-holiday."

Mr Broon declared he couldna recite, but I grippit the taws an' says—

"Mr Broon, when I'm no here you're maister, but when here *I'm* heid man, representing the ratepayers, an' if ye dinna dae as I tell ye—recite or sing, aye,

or dance the Heelan' fling, if I order ye—I'll jist hae tae gae ye a taste o' yer ain taws."

Here a' the bairns gied a cheer, an' the approbation o' thae innocent minds nerved me tae a sense o' my duty, so I rises up and says—

"Mr Broon, come up at once. I'll gie ye five minutes tae decide on what ye'll recite. 'The Ruined Cottage,' or 'Young Lochinvar,' it's a' ane tae me, an' as this is my first official visit, an' I want it tae be a pleasant ane, I'll sing ye afterwards—

> "My auld mither de'ed in the year auchty-nine,
> An' I've never had peace in this worl' sin syne."

"Chorus, weans."

> "For my auld mither de'ed in the year auchty-nine,
> An' I've never had peace in this worl' sin syne."

The bairns a' began tae sing the chorus wi' me, throwing their bannets up intae the air, jumping ower the forms, an' hitting ane anither on the heid wi' their slates, an' it pleased me sae weel tae see their spirits sae happy that I says—

"Man, bairns, if I wisna sae auld an' stoot I wid gang oot tae the playgrun' an' hae a gemm at the bools or the rounders wi' ye in a minute. As it is, I'll let Mr Broon aff wi' his recitation for this time, and in the name o' the Queen I gie ye a' a haufholiday—aye, an' mair than that, here's tippence tae buy sweeties. It'll no be mony tae each o' ye, but that'll jist mak' ye the mair carefu' in the dividing; an' Mr Broon an' I'll awa' an' draw up a wheen new rules, for I see they're needit. Before I go, hooever, I wid like tae say a few words tae ye in the name o' the Brod whom I hae the honour tae represent. Weel, bairns, pay attention tae yer lessons an' tae what Mr Broon says; if he's no jist as clever as I wid like, still he does his best. Without eddication,

bairns, this worl' wid be like a howling wilderness tae ye. Look at what eddication has done for me—look at the proud position I occupy—an' ye may a' one day be raised tae the tap o' the very pinnacle I noo occupy if ye're diligent an' study the jography weel. Aye try tae be at the heid o' the class if possible. Still, as it staun's tae reason ye canna a' be the heid, I wid gie a word of consolation tae them that canna manage tae get up. If ye're at the bottom, never mind. In fac', I wis aye happier when I was there, for if you're at the tap ye hev an unco fecht tryin' tae keep up, but if ye're at the bottom your mind's easy. An' noo, bairns, we'll sing a verse o' 'Auld Langsyne,' an' then ye can rin awa' an' play yersel's, an' come back the morn, it is tae be hoped, wiser an' better weans."

JEEMS KAYE.

By kind permission of the Author.

HOW BILL ADAMS WON THE BATTLE OF WATERLOO

WE have been—and are now—taught at school that the Battle of Waterloo was won by the Duke of Wellington. Now this is quite a mistake. The man who really won the Battle of Waterloo was BILL ADAMS. As I discovered that celebrated personage, and heard his narrative of the famous fight, I will, with your permission, tell you when, where, how, and all about it. To begin with, it's a long time since that great battle was fought. However, we all know, and, of course, are very glad to know, that we have some of the old veterans still with us. Good old warriors they are. Good old—well, perverters of the truth some of them, for they yarn about their exploits to such an extent, and get into such a hazy way of building up the past and present before their audiences —principally composed of farm-labourers and itinerant

hop-pickers—possibly not one in twenty of whom can read or write (I speak now of many years ago—before the School Boards came in, any way), and being implicitly believed, as they are, soon begin to believe as implicitly in the stories themselves, and really do not know when they are telling the truth or—the other thing.

To make a long story short, I was touring in Kent, and came to a small village of probably about 700 inhabitants. Being a very hot day, I went into the village alehouse to get a glass of—ginger ale. There was no one in the bar, but I could hear a buzzing sound coming from an apartment marked "Taproom." The door was slightly open, and I peeped in and saw a crowd of yokels sitting motionless and open-mouthed, listening with absorbing interest to a grizzly old man, who appeared to be relating some intensely exciting story. I went back to the bar, and knocked sharply on the counter. Presently the landlord sauntered out of the taproom, and I mildly remarked that I had been waiting full five minutes.

"Very zorry, zur," said the landlord, "but you zee, zur, I couldn't get out of the taproom just then. The fact is, zur, Bill Adams is in there."

"How do you mean you could not get out? Was he holding you?"

"Noa, zur," answered the landlord, and then in a tone of voice implying the most profound veneration for the person alluded to, he added, "It's BILL ADAMS, zur, 'ees in the taproom, zur."

I naturally remarked, "Well, and who is Bill Adams?"

"Whoi, 'ee doan't mean to tell me that you've never 'eerd o' Bill Adams?"

I confessed I never had. Mine host favoured me with a stare of undisguised astonishment and incredulity at such lamentable ignorance, and burst out—"Whoi, wherever wos you brought up, zur—in

the back'oods of 'Meriky, or in the bush in Australy? Never 'eerd o' Bill Adams! Well, you do surprise me, sure-*ly*. Whoi, Bill Adams is the most celebratedest mon in these 'ere parts."

"Oh, indeed!" I said, "what is he celebrated for? What did he do?" I thought he might have been a prize hop-picker or something in that way.

"Whoi, zur, it wos Bill Adams and the Duke of Wellington as won the Battle of Worterloo!"

Here was news, indeed, to hear for the first time in an obscure little village in Kent. And this is what I complain about, that all our history books at school, and historical literature in the broader arena of the world, place before us the—until now—undisputed fact that the Duke of Wellington won that battle, and have never given poor old Bill Adams a chance of a "show."

I very humbly apologised to the landlord for my ignorance, and said that I should be only too happy to gain any information about so important an historical event in the history of the country.

"Well, zur, you're in luck's way; th'old gentleman's in the taproom, jest agoin' to tell the boys all about it. 'Ees jest told 'em what 'ee did in the Peninsoolar; 'ee gave 'em snuff there; but that's nothing to what 'ee did at Worterloo. He's just buzzed up for another three penworth of warm rum, and he's going it. Please to go in, zur, and 'ear it, it'll supprize yer."

Well, I went in, and heard the old gentleman's yarn, and it certainly did surprise me.

Mr William Adams, after surveying me with a semi-military critical eye, cleared his throat with a loud "Ahem" or two, and began his tale.

"Well, yer see, boys, it wos like this 'ere at Worterloo: There was me and the Dook and the rest of us a standin' there with our staff. The Dook ony got about a 'underd men awailable, and when 'ee puts up 'is hopera glass 'ee see Bonyparty a comin' over the

'ill with about four 'underd thousan' men—picked men they wos, most on 'em. Well, the Dook 'ee didn't like the looks on it at all; so he turns round to Sir Garnet Wolseley and 'ee sez, 'Garnet,' sez 'ee, ''ere's a tough job as we got cut out. Who's agoin' to take this 'eer job on? Are you?'

"'Not me,' sez Garnet, 'but it's all right, guv'nor,' 'ee sez, ''ere's Nelson a comin' up.'

"Well, just then Nelson comes a gallopin' up on 'is white 'orse. He git off 'is 'orse a salutin' me and the Dook and the rest on us, and a stickin' 'is wooden leg in the sand—yer know, boys, Nelson had a wooden leg, wot 'ee lost at—at—let's see—now where was that he lost that leg—and I was with him when 'ee dropped it, too—ah! Sringapatam, of course it was. The Dook 'ee turns to 'im and 'ee sez, ''Oratio, I'm in a fix, I've ony got about a 'underd and fifty men awailable, and 'ere's Bonyparty a comin' over the 'ill with seven 'underd and twenty-eight thousan' men—picked men, most on 'em. Can you take the job on?'

"'No,' sez Nelson, ''tain't fair to arst me. 'Tain't in my line,' sez 'ee. ''Ain't Garnet agoin' to do it?'

"'No,' sez the Dook, 'Garnet won't touch it.'

"'Wot about yerself, guv'nor?' Nelson sez.

"'No,' sez the Dook, 'it's amost too much for me.'

"'Well, then,' sez Nelson, 'there's ony one man as I knows on wot can take this 'ere job on.'

"'Who's that?' sez the Dook.

"'Why, BILL ADAMS,' sez Nelson.

"'Well, o' course,' sez the Dook, 'why, wot a hold juggins I must a bin not to a thought o' Bill! Course, Bill's the werry man for the job!' and the Dook 'ee whistles me up.

"I was just down in the canteen, 'avin' a harf a cup o' tea and two slices, and I goes up and sez, 'Well, Nosey, wot's up; wot is it?' I mostly called 'im Nosey; we wos werry familiar, we was, them times.

"'Well,' 'ee sez, 'Bill, I won't deceive yer, I'm in a

bit of an 'ole. I've only got about a 'underd and fifty men awailable, and 'ere's Bonyparty a coming over the 'ill with a million o' men—picked men, most on 'em. Can you take the job on?'

"'Well, Harthur,' I sez, 'I think I can pull yer through. How mony men wos yer a thinkin' o' givin' me?'

"'Well,' he sez, 'take wot yer want, William.' Well, I takes about a 'underd on' em. I knowed jest wot they could do; and we goes a marchin' up the 'ill.

"Jest as we gets to the top, and we wos a gettin' ready to wipe 'em out, I looks round the corner, and I see Bonyparty and Napoleon and Blucher a hidin' behind a tree.

"Napoleon and Bonyparty wos a larfin' at our little lot; but bold Blucher 'ee looks round the other side the tree, and when 'ee see me, 'ee turns as white as a sheet. Then 'ee sez to Bonyparty and Napoleon, 'You're a larfin' at 'em, gentlemen, ain't yer; but,' sez 'ee, 'do yer see who's a leading these 'ere men?'

"'No,' sez Bonyparty, 'can't say as I knows 'im. Who is it?'

"'Well,' sez Blucher, 'doan't yer go and do nothing rash. That's BILL ADAMS!!'

"'WHAT!!' says Bonyparty, 'is that Bill a leadin' on 'em?'

"'It is,' sez Blucher.

"'Holy Smoke! Why, good grashus,' sez Bony, 'so it is. It's old Bill Adams, wot gave me such pepper at Balaclava.'

"Then 'ee turns round to 'is army, and 'ee shouts out—

"'Right about turn; there won't be no fight. Get off the grass, if yer doan't all want to be eat up. 'Ere's BILL ADAMS a comin'!'

"Well, that's the way me and the Dook of Wellington won the Battle of Worterloo, boys."

G. H. SNAZELLE.

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BURNS' NICHT IN FALLINBRAE

ADAPTED FOR RECITAL.

I HAD just missed the last train, and as the night gave token of proving "saft," I left the dreary wayside station, and hurried back to the village. After all, a quiet night with old M'Glashan would not be ill spent.

"Guidsakes!" exclaimed that gentleman, as I entered the cottage kitchen, "I hope there's naethin' wrang? Whit's brocht ye back?"

"Well, Sandy," I replied, "I've missed the train, so I'll just need to do as I've often done before, take off my boots and make myself comfortable." (For, be it noted, I made Sandy's couthie cottage my abiding-place when I had occasion to be in the village.)

"Weel, that bates a'," he exclaimed. "It's fair providenshul, that's whit it is. It's jist fair extra-ordinar'. Div ye ken muckle aboot Rabbie Burns?"

"Burns?" I replied. "Well, I do know a *little*, but, I am ashamed to say, not so much as a Scotsman should."

"Eh, weel, it's a peety," said Sandy, disconsolately. "If ye'd been a strong Burns man, I'd 'a got ye a job ti gie the oration the nicht doon the wey. Auld Wullie Johnson wis ti hae dune't, bit he's no weel, an' the only ane they can get is the young laird. He's jist hame frae Oxford, an' he's no awfu' shair aboot it, he says: 'but,' says he, 'if ye canna get onybody else afore aicht o'clock, I'll hae a go at it.' He's awfu' Englified, an' he's gaun ti staun' fur Paurlyment at the next eleckshun for the diveesion, an' he's keen ti dae whit he can. Man, I'm no shair whit shape he'll mak' the nicht, bit we'll jist need tae

be daein' wi' 'im. So, you see, ye'll need ti keep on yer buits, as ye'll bid ti come doon."

And so, at eight o'clock, instead of being back in Glasgow, as I had expected, I found myself sitting between Sandy and his friend Lauchie Thomson, at the Burns' Dinner in the village of Fallinbrae.

The seat of honour was occupied by the young laird before mentioned. He was painfully young, that at least was evident, and the irritating frequency with which he loaded his right eye with a monocle, and discharged it by a facial contortion of tremendous dimensions, seemed to me to indicate that Mr Kenneth Graham, Younger, of Fallinbrae, was not exactly at his ease. This appeared to be Sandy's idea too, for, nudging my elbow, he whispered "The young ane's gey keen ti hen't, I'm thinkin'."

But at length the toast of the evening, the "Immortal Memory" of Scotland's only Burns had come. Everybody looked towards the chair, and its occupant started to his feet, fixed his monocle three times in as many seconds, and began.

"Ah—gentlemen—eh—I hed no idea thet it would —ah—hev bin I who would hev bin given the dooty —down't ye now—of talkin' to you to-night—ah—about Mistah Boens (for he pronounced the name as if it were spelt Banes). The fekt of the mettah is, gentlemen—ah—thet I've been stewin' et a devil of a rate for the pawst two or three days et that beastly Fiscal Problem thet we're all hearin' so much about. When a men means to hev a try for a seat in the House—down't ye now—he's got to now what's he talkin' about. I believe it was Mistah Boens who said in a powm called 'The Two Doags' thet 'A men's a men for all thet'. You Johnnies now what I'm drivin' et. I believe it gows somethin' like "For all thet and all thet, a men's a men for all thet,' end a lot more about a guinea stemp. The guinea is not in the British coinage et the present dye, but it was

in the dyes of Mistah Boens: end, es you all now, he was a stemp distributah or excise official or a Government Johnnie of some kind, end no doubt, he hed often to do with stemps, even highah then a guinea. But 'For all thet and all thet" Mistah Boens was a right good soht. I believe it's the thing et a function of this kind—ah—to—er—cough off some of Mistah Boens' powms, end, in the shoht time et my dispowsal between the Fiscal Problem—ha, ha—I've—ha, ha—been ible to get the hang of 'The Two Doags' end the 'Address to a Dysy,' end 'Address to a Mouse,' end so rawthah flattah myself—down't ye now—thet I've done pwetty faiah. As foh 'The Two Doags,' I've given you my shoht bit—but a good thing's worth repeatin', so heah gows agane:

'For all thet, and all thet,
A men's a men for all thet,
For two doags give a guinea stemp,
For all thet, and all thet.'

As foh the 'Address to a Dysy,' it gows off et a hend gellop. I believe Mistah Boens was alsow a fahmah in a small wye—ah—end a doocid soft-hahted Johnnie with flowahs end mice. He alsow rowt 'The Cottah's Satuhdye Nyte,' end I'm always confoosin' it with Cassel's Satuhdye Jaynal end The Awabian Nytes. Then there's the Seven Knytes of Kwistendom end the Knytes of the Rownd Table, end a fellah gets knocked stoopid ovah them all. I oaften sye to the dad et howm thet now wundah Mistah Boens went a bit of a fluttah on a Satuhdye nyte occasionally.

'Wee modest flowah, wee modest flowah,
You need not run away sow hastily,
I would not run if I were you,'

end so on: but, eftah oal, down't ye now, when you get down to the bottom, Mistah Boens was best in

'A men's a men for all thet,' end a Johnnie ken remembah it sow well. End now, I give you 'Mistah Boens' end 'For auld leng syne,' I howp we'll hev a pleasant evenin'.

But human nature could stand it no longer. I rushed from the hall, and when the first violence of my trouble had passed the meeting was "scalin'." Halfway down the village street I came on an old man, leaning with his back towards me, against a dry-stane dyke, and gazing across the fields. "By dam! did ye hear THON?" he was moaning to himself. And when I entered the cottage, Sandy met me with quivering lips. "Well, Sandy, here we are again," I said. And his only reply was "By crivens! thon's a nuvulette."

From "The Glasgow Bailie."
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FOXES' TAILS

Minister.—Weel, Sandy, man, and how did ye like the sermon the day?

Precentor.—It was a gude sermon—'deed, it was the best I ever heard ye preach. I never saw sae few folk sleepin' afore. But, at the same time, it struck me that, every noo and then, there was, may be, jeest a wee bit o' exaggeration—I mean, jeest amplification—ye jeest stretched the pint a wee bit.

M.—Stretched the pint! D'ye mean to say, sir, that I tell lees?

P.—Well—a—but I didna gang sae far as that.

M.—Sandy, although I'm your minister, still I'm perfectly willing to admit that it's just possible that I may have slippit into a kind o' habit o' magnifying things; and it's a bad habit to get into, Sandy, and

it's a waur thing to be accused o't; and, therefore, Sandy, I call upon you, if ever you should hear me say another word out o' joint, to give me some sort o' signal. Ay. Ye're sittin' just down aneath me, ye ken, so ye might just put your heid up and give a bit whustle (whistles) like that.

P.—What, whustle on the Sawbbath?

M.—Hoots man; doesna the wind whustle on the Sawbbath? Weel, just a wee bit soughing whustle like the wind. (Whistles softly.)

P.—Weel, if ther's nae harm in't, I'll do my best.

So ultimately it was agreed between the minister and the precentor that the first word of exaggeration from the pulpit was to elicit the signal from the desk below.

Next Sunday came, and the parson entered the pulpit with a radiant smile. It was his habit, before the sermon, to read a chapter from the Bible, adding such explanation as he thought necessary. He generally selected such passages as contained a number of difficult points, so that his marvellous powers of "eloocidation" might be called into play. On the present occasion he had chosen a passage that bristled with difficulties. It was that chapter which describes Samson as catching three hundred foxes, tying them tail to tail, setting firebrands in their midst, starting them among the standing corn of the Philistines, and burning it down. As he closed the description, he shut the book, and commenced the "eloocidation" as follows:—

"My dear freends, I daresay you have been wondering in your minds how it is possible that Samson could catch three hundred foxes. You or me couldna catch one fox, let alone three hundred—the beasts run so fast. But lo and behold! here we have one single man, all by himself, catching three hundred of them! Now, how did he do it?—that's the pint; and at first sight it looks a gey an' kittle

pint. But it's not so kittle as it looks, my freends; and if you give me your undivided attention for a few minutes, I'll clear away the whole difficulty.

"Well, then, we are told in the Scriptures that Samson was the strongest man that ever lived. We are not told that he was a great runner. But if he catched these three hundred foxes, he must have been a great runner, an awfu' runner—in fact, the greatest runner that ever was born. But, my freends—and here's the eloocidation o' the matter—ye'll please bear this in mind, that although we are not told that he was the greatest runner that ever lived, still we're not told he wasna; and, therefore, I contend, that we have a perfact right to assume, by all the laws of logic, that he was the fastest runner that ever was born; and that was how he catched the three hundred foxes!

"But after we get rid of this difficulty, my freends, another crops up. After he has catched his three hundred foxes, how does he manage to keep them all together? This looks almost as kittle a pint as the other—to some it might look even kittler; but if you will only bring your common sense to bear on the question, the difficulty will disappear like the morning cloud and the early dew that withereth away. Well, then, please to mind, in the first place that it was foxes that Samson catched. Now, we do not catch foxes, as a general rule, in the streets of a toun—therefore it is more than probable that Samson catched them in the country. At farm-houses you have stables and barns, and, therefore, we may now consider it a settled pint that, as he catched his foxes one by one, he stapped them into a good-sized barn, and steekit the door, and locked it. Here we overcome the second stumbling-block. But after he has catched his foxes—after he has got them all snug in the barn under lock and key—how in the world did he tie their tails together? There's a tickler! You

or me could not tie two of their tails together, let alone three hundred of them; for the tails themselves are not long enough. How, then, was Samson able to tie them all? Ah! that's the question; and it's about the kittlest pint you or me has ever had to eloocidate. Common sense is no good till't; no more is Latin, or Greek, or Hebrew either; no more is Logic or Metapheesies; no more is Natural Philosophy or Moral Philosophy; no more is Rhetoric; and I've studied them all myself. But it is a great thing that there's been great and learned men—the same as mysel', ye ken—that, instead of going into the kirk like me, have gone travelling into foreign parts. Now, among other places, some o' those learned men have travelled into Canaan, and some into Palestine, and some few into the Holy Land, and these last-mentioned travellers tell us that, in these Eastern or Oriental climes, the foxes there are a totally different breed from our foxes; and what's the more astonishing thing about them, and what helps to explain this wonderful feat of Samson's is that they have all got most extraordinary long tails; in fact, these Eastern travellers tell us that these foxes' tails are actually forty feet long!" (*Sandy whistles.*)

"At the same time I ought to mention that there are other travellers, and later ones than the ones I have just been speaking to you about, and they say that this statement is rather an exaggeration, and that these foxes' tails are never more than twenty feet long!" (*Sandy whistles.*)

"Before I leave this subject altogether, my freends, I may just add that there has been a considerable diversity o' opeenion about the length of these animals' tails, so that the question has come to be regarded as a moot pint. One man, you see, says one thing, and another another; and I've spent a good lot o' learned research in the matter mysel'

and after examining one authority and another authority, and putting one against the other, I have come to the conclusion that these foxes' tails, on an average, are seldom more than ten feet long." (*Sandy whistles.*)

"Sandy Macdonald! I'll no take another inch off thae beasties' tails, even gin ye should whustle every tooth out o' your heid."

ANON.

THE LOST SIXPENCE

I'M the cornducter of a 'bus, thet's whort I am. Sims feerly simple, don't it? Anywye, I never 'as no trouble in understandin' of it myself. I knows whort I'm pide ter do, an' I does it. But theer sims ter be some folks abart as thinks the cornducter of a 'bus is a crorst between a gineral servunt with no wiges, a yooniversil ingquiry orfice, and a gritis luggidge porter. Yuss, I'm a pytient man, I am, and I'm jest abart as willin' ter oblige anyone else as anyone else is ter oblige me, but theer do come a pint wheer 'uman nychur drors the line, so ter speak. Nar the dye before yes'day I gort just a few too many of thet sort o' folk ter which I illudes; they come in a lump. Fust of all it was a ole lyedy as farnd she wornted a pin, and awst me if I cud lend 'er one. I drord a pin from my wescut and 'anded it 'er with a perlite smile. Then a gent awst me if I cud tell 'im whart the time was. Theer were tew public clocks a-'angin' up right afore 'is eyes, reg'lar bitin' of 'im; but I surpose that it were cheaper ter bother me than ter look fur 'isself. I told 'im whart the time was. Perlite smiles was horf, but I told 'im, an' gort no thanks fur it. Then a boy storpt the 'bus to ingquire if it were goin' wheer 'e cud see fur 'isself it wasn't, an 'ad I gort a

bit o' string abart me? I were jest recoverin' from thet when another ole lyedy fawstened on me. Whart she warnted, I fancy, was a hower's quiet cornvysytion, and she picked me art fur the treat 'cos I come 'andiest. She began by ingquierin' if I cud tell 'er 'ow many stamps she 'ad ter put on some bloomin' onvylup she 'ad in 'er 'and. And yet I kep' my temper with 'er. 'Arrever, I knowed as the next of 'em wud git an expresshing of opinyum art of me.

One dye a chap give me a small furrin' coin, 'avin' the look o' silver, which it weren't, and not onlike the ornery sixpence. It 'ad a 'ole in it, and that gave me a hideer. I put a tack through the 'ole, and fawstened thet coin darn ter the floor of the 'bus. And nar, thinks I to myself, we shall see what we shall see. Fust a ole gent gits in, cawsts one glawnce at the coin, and then looks ararnd, innercent-like, and begins 'ummin' ter 'isself. Then he puts 'is eye on me, and I didn't appear ter be tikin' no notice of 'im. Slowly 'e slides 'is 'oof over thet coin, and stoops darn ter fawsten up 'is boot-lice. I sees 'im fumblin' awye theer, tryin' ter git thet coin up; then 'e chucks it, and sets up agen. A moment arter 'e gort art, and afore I'd done lawfin two ole lyedies come in. Both of 'em sees the coin, and nudges each other. Presently one of 'em stoops darn ter pick it up. I storps 'er. "Egcoose me, ma'am," I says, "but whort are yer doin'?"

"Picking up a sixpence I dropped just now," says she, as bold as brass.

"Beg pardon," says I. "Are yer sure thet's it?"

"In course I am," says she.

"I seed 'er drop it myself," says the other lyedy, "and I seed it roll there. So don't you try and pretend it's yours, Mister Cornducter."

"Suttingly not," says I. "If it's the lyedy's let 'er pick it up. I only awst because I 'adn't seed 'er drop nutthink."

Then she tries ter pick it up, and the gime begins. "It must 'ave gort caught in sutthink," she says.

"Yes," says I; "it's caught in a tin-tack 'ammered through the middle of it. Likely you dropped the 'ammer and tack sime time you dropped the sixpence—on'y if you look at it, you'll see as it ain't a sixpence. Shall I storp the 'bus fur yer, ma'am, and send fur a pair o' pincers ter pull it up with? If it's your propputy, it's a pity ter leave it be'ind, yer know." Them ole lyedies gawsped, I can tell yer.

"Very well," says one o' them, "we reports you fur inserlence."

"Report awye," says I.

"And this is the lawst time we ever rides in this 'bus," says the other.

"Well, that's a 'eavy blow fur the comp'ny," says I. "But, 'arrever, theer is jest a foo people in Lunnun besides yerselves, and I dessay we shall be ible to scratch along some'ow withart yer pattrynidge."

Well, ter think of it—two respeckerble-lookin' nicely-dressed ole lyedies and both of 'em lyin' like troopers for the sike o' thrupence each!

BARRY PAIN.

From "De Omnibus," by arrangement and permission of the Executors.

DAVID AND GOLIATH

THE moral of this story is, "Ne sutor ultra crepidam," or "The shoemaker should stick to his stool," or creepie, as it is in the Latin, and in this case it is illustrated by the result of a butcher trying to preach.

Before the Forth Bridge was built—of course the incident happened a considerable time before the famous structure was erected; but previous to its means of transit, a steamer used to cross daily to the Fife shore, and on Thursday nights among the pas-

sengers there was a revival preacher; but one night, on account of a storm, the boat did not venture to cross, and the people of a Fife village were left without one to conduct the service. After waiting some time, Tom Carmichael, the village butcher, was pressed to take the position of pastor. Unfortunately, Tom had never previously spoken in public, and he had the further drawback of having an impediment in his speech, which was accentuated when, as in his present position, he was nervous through excitement.

As the audience was principally composed of children, on account of the mental food supplied, Tom had the brilliant idea of adopting the thrilling story of David and Goliath, to show the boys what they might be able to achieve if they tried very hard, and proceeded after the following fashion: "I—I—I'm called on rather su-suddenly to address the meetin'—address the meetin'; hooever, I'll tell ye aboot David an' Goliath. When David was a little boy, ye know—a little boy, jist like some o' yersel's, he was jist a wee bit chappie, a curly-heided callant; maby dozin' his peerie, his top, or playin' at bools in front o' his faither's door, on the ca-ca-causeway, on the pa-pavement, the plainstanes, when his fa-faither comes oot, cri-cries 'Dauvit,' or maby 'Davie'—'Here, I want ye to rin awa' ower to the battlefield wi' some denner tae the laddies.' An' of course Dauvit was quite pleased to gang, ye ken, bicus he had twa brithers in the militia, an' he wad like to gang up to hear the band playin'. So he gaed awa'—gaed awa' to the battlefield, an' the chi-chi-children of Israel were a' there; the ch-ildren of Israel—an' their parents nae doot—an' they were a' brused frae fechtin'. It was their denner-hour, an' they were a' afraid—no man would go oot an' meet the giant, this was Goliath of the Phillipstines. He was a big man, a muckle man; he stood aboot eight feet six in his stockin' soles—in fact, a' the giants were big men in

those days. But David says to them, says he, 'What are ye a' feard for?' says he; 'I'll gang oot an' meet him.' So they took him ower to Saul's tent an' put some airmour on; but David said, 'That'll no dae for me; tak' it off, tak' it off.' So he gaed awa' doon to the burnside—no a big burn, nor a river, nor an ocean, but jist a common wee bit burnie brook; an' he pickit up some stanes, no big stanes, nor a lump o' rock, but jist a pebble, a ch-ch-uckie, an' he gaed awa' oot to meet this giant, this was Goliath of the Phillictsines, a man aboot the height o'—a common haystack. An' when Goliath saw the laddie, says he—stickin' his thumbs in his waistcoat sleeves, 'What are ye wantin' here?' says he. An' David says, 'I'll sune let ye see.' An' Goliath says, 'Wull ye, my man; I'm thinkin' ye'll sune be goin' back in the ambulance waggon.' But David never let on he heard him, but he jist put a chuckie in the sling an' let him have it; struck him on his big fozie heid—on the brow, the temple, atween his een, abune the nose; an' Goliath cries oot: 'What are ye dain'? D'ye ken that's sair.' Aye, he hadna time to cry a barly, he was fair dumfoundered—sic a thing as a chuckie had never entered his heid before; but David jist felled him to the ground, an' syne up came the ch-ch-ildren of Israel, rinnin', an' says they: 'What are ye dain' lyin' there, ye muckle sumph; can ye no' get up an' fecht the laddie?' An', says Goliath: 'Hoo can I get up an' fecht the laddie? D'ye no' see I'm thrang deein'.' But David jist ran awa' roond an' got oot his sword an' cuttit aff his heid—cuttit aff his heid, an' took it hame wi' him—took it hame wi' him, and—eh—there's a fine moral kickin' aboot here somewhere; I forget what it is, but if ye meet wi' ony big difficulty like Goliath o' the Phillipstines, jist act like little David, the wee boy."

W. Grant Stevenson.

By kind permission of the Executors.

HE COULDN'T STAND IT.

"Is this seat engaged?" he asked of the prettiest girl in the car, and finding it wasn't, sat down.

"Pleasant day," said the girl, before he could get his tongue unkinked. "Most bewildering day, isn't it?"

"Ye-yes, Miss," stammered the drummer.

"Nice weather for travelling?" continued the girl, "much nicer than when it was cold. Are you perfectly comfortable?"

"Oh yes; thanks."

"Glad of it. You don't look so. Let me put my shawl under your head, won't you? Hadn't you rather sit next to the window and have me describe the landscape to you?"

"No, please," he muttered. "I—I'm doing well enough."

"Can't I buy you some sweets or a book? Let me do something to make the trip happy! Suppose I slip my arm around your waist! Just lean forward a trifle so I can."

"You'll—you'll have to excuse me!" gasped the wretched drummer. "I—I don't think you really mean it!"

"You look so tired! Wouldn't you like to rest your head on my shoulder? No one will notice. Just lay your head right down, and I'll tell you stories."

"No—no thanks! I won't to-day! I'm very comfortable, thank you!" and the poor drummer looked around helplessly.

"Your scarf-pin is coming out, let me fix it. There! At the next station I'll get you a cup of tea, and on arrival at our destination you'll let me call, won't you?"

"I think I'll go away and smoke," said the drummer, making for the door, knee-deep in the grins showered around him by his fellow-passengers.

"Strange!" murmured the girl to the lady in front of her. "I only did with him just what he was making ready to do with me; big and strong as he is, he couldn't stand it. I really think women have stronger stomachs than men, and, besides that, there isn't any smoking car for them to fly to for refuge. I don't understand this thing."

But she settled back contentedly and at a convention of drummers held in the smoker that morning, it was unanimously resolved that her seat was engaged so far as they were concerned for the rest of the season.

ANON.

HIS FIRST SMOKE

SCHMOKIN' vas goodt; schmokin' vas friendly. You meet ein friend in der street, and you offer him your cigar-case. He take one; you take one yourself. You bite off der leetle end of der cigar, and you throw him away—but only der leetle piece what you bite off, not der big piece what you leave on. Then you put der end of der cigar in your mouth, and you light him—not der end what you put into your mouth, but der other end. You poof, and you poof, and you poof; your friend he poof, and he poof, and he poof. You raise your hat, he raises his hat, you go your ways, and you are friends. Dot vos all right. But I never light ein pipe or ein cigar but I think of the times when I did smoke mein first pipe.

Ach! I was a very little boy, 'bout so high, and I say to meinself, "I will schmoke; other peoples schmoke themselves, so why should I not schmoke meinself? So I wait till one day mein father was aschleep, and then I take his pipe out of der inside of der outside of his coat pocket; then I take some tobacco out of mein father's tobacco-pouch, and I sneak some of mein mother's matches; then I go up der stairs to der little room where I did schleep at der top of der houses. In der little room where I did schleep at der top of der houses there was one little trap-door what goes out on to der roofs of der houses; so I creep me through der little trap-door what was in der little room where I did schleep at der top of der houses, and I sit me down with my back against the little wall what keeps der peoples from tumbling out of der tops of der houses on to der peoples what was walk along der schtreet. Then

I take out mein father's pipe, and fill him with der tobacco what I sneak, and light him with some of mein mother's matches. Den I poof, and I poof, and I poof.

I was not poof very long before I did feel—oh, so funny. I did feel as though der roof of der houses was der sea, and I was ein ship—but I poof, and I poof, and I poof. Presently the chimney-pots was begin to go round and round; and when they was in the fronts of me, they was at the backs of mine head. I was poof a little more longer, and I begin to feel ever so much more badder. I did feel as though all that was inside did want to come outside; so I put mein head over the little wall what keeps der peoples from tumbling out of der tops of der houses on to der peoples what was walk along der schtreet. Presently der peoples that was walk along der schtreet go into mein father's shop, and they say, "Mr Breitman, Mr Breitman, look what was come out of the tops of your houses." Presently I see two heads of mein father come through der little trap-door that was in der little room where I did schleep at der top of der houses; but I feel only one hand of mein father on the collar of mein coat. Mein father he was very kind man; he take me up by the collar of mein coat, and drop me through the little trap-door: but he came down the ladder himself. When he came to where I was lay, he feel mein pulse—with his boot. And now I never light ein pipe or ein cigar but I think of the time when I did smoke mein father's pipe—I think of mein dear old father, and I poof, and I poof, and I poof.

ANON.

WEE TEENY

THE *Vital Spark*, in ballast, Clydeward bound, lay inside the passenger steamer, ready to start when the latter had got under weigh, and Para Handy and his mate meanwhile sat on the foc'sle-head of "the smertest boat in the tred" watching the frantic efforts of lady excursionists to get their husbands on the steamer before it was too late, and the deliberate efforts of the said husbands to slink away up the village again just for one more drink. Women loudly defied the purser to let the ship go away without their John, for he had paid his money for his ticket, and though he was only a working man his money was as good as anybody else's; and John, on the quay, with his hat thrust back on his head, his thumbs in the arm-holes of his waistcoat, and a red handkerchief full of dulse at his feet, gave a little display of step dancing that was responsible for a great deal of the congestion of traffic at the shore end of the gangway.

Among the crowd who had got on board was a woman with eleven children. She was standing on the paddle-box counting them to make sure—five attached to the basket that had contained their food for the day, other four clinging to her gown, and one in her arms. "Yin, twa, three, fower, and fower's eight, and twa's ten, and then there's wee Teeny wi' her faither doon the caibin." She was quite serene. If she could have seen that the father—at that moment in the fore-saloon singing—

> "In the guid auld summer time,
> In the guid auld summer time,
> She'll be your tootsy-wootsy
> In the guid auld summer time"—

had no wee Teeny with him, she would have been distracted. As it was, however, the steamer was miles on her way when a frantic woman with ten crying children all in a row behind her, and a husband miraculously sobered, made a vain appeal to the captain to go back to Ardrishaig for her lost child.

The child was discovered on the quay by the local police ten minutes after the excursion steamer had started, and just when Para Handy was about to cast off the pawls. She was somewhere about three years old, and the only fact that could be extracted from her was that her name was Teeny. There had probably not been a more contented and self-possessed person on Ardrishaig Quay that day: she sucked her thumb with an air of positive relish, smiled on the slightest provocation, and showed the utmost willingness to go anywhere with anybody.

"The poor wee cratur!" said Para Handy sympathetically. "She minds me fearfully of my brother Cherlie's twuns. I wudna wonder but she's a twuns too; that would be the way the mistake would be made in leavin' her; it's such a terrible thing drink. I'm no' goin' to ask you, Dougie, to do anything you wudna like, but what would you be sayin' to us takin' the wean wi' us and puttin' her shore at Rothesay? Mind you, chust if you like yoursel'."

"It's your own vessel, you're the skipper of her, and I'm sure and I have no objections, at aal at aal," said Dougie quite heartily; and it was speedily arranged with the police that a telegram should be sent to wait the captain of the excursion steamer at Rothesay, telling him the lost child was following in the steam-lighter *Vital Spark*.

Macphail, the engineer, and The Tar kept the child in amusement with pocket-knives, oil-cans, cotton-waste, and other maritime toys, while the

captain and Dougie went hurriedly up the village for stores for the unexpected passenger.

"You'll not need that mich," was Dougie's opinion; "she'll fall asleep as soon as it's dark, and no' wake till we put her ashore at Rothesay."

"Ah, but you canna be sure o' them at that age," said the captain. "My brother Cherlie wass merrit on a low-country woman, and the twuns used to sit up at night and greet in the twa languages, Gaalic and Gleska, till he had to put plugs in them."

"God bless me! plugs?" said Dougie astonished.

"Ay, chust plugs," said the captain emphatically. "You'll see them often. They're made of kahouchy, with a bone ring on them for screwing them on and off. It's the only thing for stopping them greetin'."

"To let you ken," he said, "I wass feared the wean would sterve. Nothing in the ship but sea biscuits and salt beef. I went into wan shop and got a quart of milk on draught, half a pound of boiled ham the same as they have at funerals, and a tin tinny For a Good Girl. Dougie wasna slack either; he went into another shop and got thruppence worth of sweeties and a jumping-jeck. It was as nice a thing ass ever you saw to see the wee cratur sittin' on the hatches eatin' away and drinkin' wi' the wan hand, and laughing like anything at the jumpin'-jeck wi' the other. I never saw the ship cheerier; it wass chust sublime. If Dougie wass here himsel' he would tell you. Everything wass going first-rate, and I wass doon below washing my face and puttin' on my other jecket and my watch-chain oot o' respect for the passenger, when Dougie came doon in a hurry wi' a long face on him, and says—

"'She's wantin' ta-ta.'

"'Mercy on us, she canna be more ta-ta than she iss unless we throw her over the side,' I says to Dougie. But I went up on dake and told her she would

be ta-ta in no time becaase the ship was loggin' six knots and the wind wi' us.

"'Ta-ta,' says she, tuggin' my whuskers the same as if I wass merrit on her—ah, man! she wass a nice wee thing. And that good-natured! The best I could do wass to make The Tar show her the tattoo marks on his legs, and Dougie play the trump (Jew's harp), and when she wass tired o' that I carried her up and doon the dake singin' 'Auld Lang Syne' till she was doverin' over.

"'She's goin' to sleep noo,' I says to Dougie, and we put her in my bunk wi' her clothes on. She wanted her clothes off, but I said, 'Och! never mind puttin' them off, Teeny; it's only a habit.' Dougie said, if he minded right, they always put up a kind of a prayer at that age. 'Give her a start,' I says to Dougie, and he said the 23rd Psalm in Gaalic, but she didn't understand wan word of it, and went to sleep wi' a poke o' sweeties in her hand.

"We were off Ardlamont, and Macphail wass keepin' the boat bangin' at it to get to Rothesay before the mother went oot of her wuts, when I heard a noise doon below where Teeny was. I ran doon and found her sittin' up chokin' wi' a sweetie that wass a size too lerge for her. She wass black in the face.

"'Hut her on the back, Peter!' said Dougie.

"'Hut her yoursel'; I wudna hurt her for the world,' I says, and Dougie said he wudna do it either; but he ran up for The Tar, that hasna mich feelin's, and The Tar saved her life. I'm tellin' you it wass a start! We couldna trust her below, herself, efter that, so we took her on dake again. In ten meenutes she fell doon among Macphail's engines, and nearly spoiled them. She wasna hurt a bit, but Macphail's feelin's wass, for she wass wantin' the engines to her bed wi' her. She thought they

were a kind of a toy. We aye keep that up on him yet.

"'My Chove! this wean's no canny,' said Dougie, and we took her up on dake again, and put up the sail to get as mich speed oot of the vessel as we could for Rothesay. Dougie played the trump even-on to her, and The Tar walked on his hands till she was sore laughing at him. Efter a bit we took oor eyes off her for maybe two meenutes, and when we turned roond again Teeny wass fallin' doon into the foc'sle.

"'This iss the worst cargo ever we had,' I says, takin' her up again no' a bit the worse. 'If we don't watch her like a hawk aal the time she'll do something desperate before we reach Rothesay. She'll jump over the side or crawl doon the funnel, and we'll be black affronted.'

"'I wudna say but you're right,' said Dougie. We put her sittin' on the hatch wi' the jumpin'-jeck, and the tin tinny For a Good Girl, and my watch and chain, Dougie's trump, the photygraf of The Tar's lass, and Macphail's new carpet sluppers to play wi', and the three of us sat roond her watchin' she didna swallow the watch and chain.

"When I handed her over to her mother and father on Rothesay Quay, I says to them, 'I'm gled I'm no' a mother; I would a hunder times sooner be a sailor.'

"But it's a nice thing a wean, too; for a week efter that we missed her awful."

HUGH FOULIS.

By kind permission of the Author.

VISITING A SICK PERSON

How do you do, Jane? I heard you were not feeling well, and I stepped in to cheer you up a little. My friends often say, it's such a comfort to see me, I have such a flow of conversation. Besides, I said to myself as I came up the stairs, "Perhaps it's the last time I'll ever see Jane alive." You don't mean to die yet, eh? Well, now, how do you know? You can't tell. You think you are getting better, but there was Mrs Jones sitting up, every one saying how well she was, and all of a sudden she was taken with the influenza and went off like a flash. But you must be careful and not get anxious or excited. Keep quite calm and don't fret about anything. Of course things can't go on just as if you were downstairs; and I wondered whether you knew your little Billy was sailing about in a tub on the pond, and that your little Sammy was letting your little Jimmy down from the balcony in a clothes basket. Gracious goodness! what's the matter? Perhaps Providence 'll take care of 'em. Don't look so alarmed. You thought the nurse was watching them? Well, no, she isn't, I saw her talking to a man at the gate—he looked to me like a burglar. No doubt she let him take the impression of the door-key in wax, and then he'll get in and murder you all. There was a family at Brixton Hill all killed last week. Now don't fidget so, it's bad for the baby. Poor little dear, how singular it is, to be sure, that you can't tell whether a child is blind, or deaf, or dumb, or a cripple at that age. It might be all of them and you never know it. Most of them that have their senses make bad use of them, though—that ought to be your comfort if it does turn out to

have anything dreadful the matter with it; and many don't live a year. I saw a baby's funeral down the street as I came along. How is your husband? Well, but finds it warm in town, eh? Well, I should think he would! They are dropping down by hundreds there with sunstroke: you must prepare your mind to have him brought home any day. Anyhow, a trip on these electric trams is just risking your life every time you take one. Back and forth everyday as he is, it's just trifling with danger. Dear! dear, now! to think what dreadful things hang over us all the time. Dear! dear! scarlet fever has broken out in the neighbourhood. Little Tommy Johnson has it, and I saw your Jimmy playing with him last Saturday. Well, I must be going now; I've got another sick friend, and I shan't think my duty done unless I cheer her up a little before I sleep. Good-bye. How pale you look, Jane. I don't believe you have a good doctor. Do send him away and try some one else. You don't look as well as you did when I came in. But if anything happens, send for me at once. If I can't do anything else, I can cheer you up a little.

ANON

"LOCK-OUT TIME."

PETER PAN is only one week old, and though he was born long ago he has never had a birthday. The reason is that he escaped from being a human being when he was seven days old: he escaped by the window and flew away to Kensington Gardens, where he lived with the fairies. Peter Pan became the fairies' orchestra; and he played so nicely at the Princess's coming-of-age ball, that the Queen of the

Fairies said she would give him as a reward the wish of his heart. Peter persuaded her to give him two wishes. His first wish was to go back to see his mother, but with the right to return if he found her disappointing. "I can give you power to fly to her house," said the Queen of the Fairies, "but I can't open the door for you."

"The window I flew out at will be open," said Peter confidently. So the fairies gave him wings, and away he flew. The window was open as he knew it would be, and in he fluttered, and there was his mother lying asleep. Peter alighted softly on the wooden rail at the foot of the bed and had a good look at her. She lay with her head on her hand and the hollow in the pillow was like a nest lined with her brown wavy hair. If she said "Peter" again, he meant to cry "Mother" and run to her. But she only made little moans in her sleep, and there were tears on her face.

It made Peter very miserable, and what do you think was the first thing he did? Sitting on the rail at the foot of the bed, he played a beautiful lullaby to his mother on his pipe. He had made it up himself out of the way she said "Peter," and he never stopped playing until she looked happy. He thought this so clever of him that he could scarcely resist wakening her to hear her say, "O, Peter, how exquisitely you play!" However, as she now seemed comfortable, he again cast looks at the window. You must not think that he meditated flying away and never coming back. He had quite decided to be his mother's boy, but hesitated about beginning to-night. It was the second wish which troubled him. He no longer meant to make it a wish to be a bird, but not to ask for a second wish seemed wasteful, and, of course, he could not ask for it without returning to the fairies. Also, if he put off asking for his wish too long it might go bad. He asked himself if he had

not been hard-hearted to fly away without saying good-bye to Solomon. "I should like awfully to sail in my boat just once more," he said wistfully to his sleeping mother. He quite argued with her as if she could hear him. "It would be so splendid to tell the birds of this adventure," he said coaxingly. "I promise to come back," he said solemnly, and meant it, too. And in the end, you know, he flew away. Twice he came back from the window, wanting to kiss his mother, but he feared the delight of it might waken her, so at last he played her a lovely kiss on his pipe, and then he flew back to the Gardens. Many nights, and even months, passed before he asked the fairies for his second wish; and I am not sure that I quite know why he delayed so long. One reason was that he had so many good-byes to say, not only to his particular friends, but to a hundred favourite spots. Then he had his last sail, and his very last sail, and his last sail of all, and so on. Again, a number of farewell feasts were given in his honour; and another comfortable reason was that, after all, there was no hurry, for his mother would never weary of waiting for him. This last reason displeased old Solomon, for it was an encouragement to the birds to procrastinate. Solomon Caw had several excellent mottoes for keeping them at their work, such as "Never put off laying to-day, because you can lay to-morrow," and "In this world there are no second chances," and yet here was Peter gaily putting off and none the worse for it. The birds pointed this out to each other, and fell into lazy habits. But, mind you, though Peter was so slow in going back to his mother, he was quite decided to go back. The best proof of this was his caution with the fairies. They were most anxious that he should remain in the Gardens to play to them, and to bring this to pass they tried to trick him into making such a remark as "I wish the grass was not so wet," and some of them danced out

of time in the hope that he might cry, "I do wish you would keep time!" Then they would have said that this was his second wish. But he smoked their design, and though on occasions he began, "I wish——" he always stopped in time. So when at last he said to them bravely, "I wish now to go back to mother for ever and always," they had to tickle his shoulders and let him go. He went in a hurry in the end, because he had dreamt that his mother was crying, and he knew what was the great thing she cried for, and that a hug from her splendid Peter would quickly make her to smile. Oh! he felt sure of it, and so eager was he to be nestling in her arms that this time he flew straight to the window, which was always to be open for him. But the window was closed, and there were iron bars on it, and peering inside he saw his mother sleeping peacefully with her arm round another little boy. Peter called, "Mother! Mother!" but she heard him not; in vain he beat his little limbs against the iron bars. He had to fly back, sobbing, to the Gardens, and he never saw his dear again. What a glorious boy he had meant to be to her! Ah, Peter! we who have made the great mistake, how differently we should all act at the second chance. But Solomon was right—there is no second chance, not for most of us. When we reach the window it is Lock-out Time. The iron bars are up for life.

J. M. Barrie.

Adapted from "Peter Pan." By kind permission of the Author.

A GREEDY LITTLE GIRL

I AM going to tell you about a fight which took place one day. Where do you think it happened? I am sure you could never guess, so I must tell you all about it.

Well, once upon a time a greedy little girl went to a party, and because she was a greedy little girl she ate too much; and late at night, when she had gone to bed, all the things that she had eaten commenced to fight, away down in her poor little inside.

The first to begin was a large piece of Plum-cake. "I won't stay down here," said he, "with all you fellows on the top of me. So move out of the way and let Me to the top."

"Nothing of the kind," said the Seed-cake, "I am much lighter than you, and ever so much better, so if you go to the top I go up with you."

"Ho! ho! ho!" laughed a big Banana, "I've got that place as I was the last to arrive, so I'll stick to it."

"Just hear him talk," sneered the Orange; "I have six oranges along with me, so we'll soon displace him."

"I quite agree with you," cried the Apple; "there are only three of us, but we shall join you and chuck him out!"

Here the Grapes looked up and remarked: "That's right."

"*You* need not interfere," growled the Figs; "for you are just as sour as sour can be."

"I am not—I came down——"

"I know where you came from, you cost only sixpence a pound, and you come down here and interfere with us. You with your nasty skins and pips."

"Just so," said the Pear.

"Ha! ha! ha!" laughed the Cheese-cake, "look at him, he came down in his rough old jacket."

"I'm no worse than Mr, Mrs, and Miss Apple, for they had their coats on too."

"And if we did come down in our coats," retorted the Apple, "we left our seeds behind, which you did not do."

"Look here!" called out the Tea threateningly, "I'll drown you if you don't stop your arguments."

"He! he! he!" chuckled the Lemonade, "call yourself Tea! You came down three times, whilst I came down twelve times."

"I fear," sighed the Soda-water, "that all of us are diluted with Lemon-squash."

"Speak for yourself," screamed the Coffee, "I am stronger than any of you, and I'll have my own way."

"You are an impudent upstart," shouted a large piece of Pineapple; "take that!" said he, and he threw a Date at the Coffee.

Then all the others began to jump and yell and pick up pieces of Orange Peel, Raisins, Jam Tarts, Currants, Nuts, Almonds, Biscuits, Sweets, Ham, Chicken, Tongue, Mince-pies, Salad-sandwiches, and a host of other things, and throw them at each other. In vain did the Ice-cream, Jellies, and Trifles come in between and try to soften matters. The battle *raged* and *raged* and *raged*.

Above it all was heard a child's shrill cry, "No, no, mammy, I won't take it! I won't!"

Then the mother's voice came firm and clear, "You must take it, you naughty, greedy child. It will teach you not to be greedy again. Nurse, hold her hands; Cook, catch her feet; Mary, hold her nose. Now down it goes!" And all over the fighting mass came beautiful soothing castor oil, and in a moment the fierce battle was at an end.

I am glad to say that the little girl never ate too much again, and I hope that all my little friends who have been listening to my story will think of this little girl when they go to the nice Christmas parties.

MARY MCHARDY-FLINT,
Teacher, Dublin School of Elocution.

By kind permission of the Authoress.

THE FURLOUGH

AN IRISH STORY

IN the spring of 1828 I was standing one morning at the window of "mine inn," when my attention was attracted by a scene that took place beneath. The Belfast coach was standing at the door, and on the roof, in front, sat a solitary outside passenger, a fine young fellow in the uniform of the Connaught Rangers. Below, by the front wheel, stood an old woman, seemingly his mother, a young man, and a younger woman, sister or sweetheart; and they were all earnestly entreating the young soldier to descend from his seat on the coach. "Come down wid ye, Thady, come down now to your ould mother. Sure it's flog ye they will, and strip the flesh off the bones I giv' ye. Come down, Thady, darling!"

"It's honour, mother," was the short reply of the soldier, and with clenched hands he took a stiffer posture on the coach. "Thady, come down, come down, ye fool of the world. Come along down wid ye!" The tone of the present appeal was more impatient and peremptory than the last, and the answer was more promptly and sternly pronounced. "It's honour, brother," and the body of the speaker

rose more rigidly erect than ever on the roof. "O, Thady, come down, sure it's me, your own Kathleen, that bids ye. Come down, or ye'll break the heart of me, Thady, jewel; come down then." The poor girl wrung her hands as she said it, and cast a look upward, that had a visible effect on the muscles of the soldier's countenance. There was more tenderness in his tone, but it conveyed the same resolution as before. "It's honour, honour bright, Kathleen," and as if to defend himself from another glance, he fixed his look steadfastly in front, while the renewed entreaties burst from all three in chorus with the same answer.

"Come down, Thady, honey!"

"Thady, ye fool, come down!"

"O, Thady, come down to me."

"It's honour, mother; honour, brother; honour, my own Kathleen."

Altho' the poor fellow was a private, this appeal was so public that I did not hesitate to go down and inquire into the particulars of the distress. It appeared that he had been home on furlough to visit his family; and, having exceeded, as he thought, the term of his leave, he was going to rejoin his regiment to undergo the penalty of his neglect. I asked him when the furlough expired. "The first of March, your honour, bad luck to it of all the black days in the world, and here it is come sudden on me like a shot!"

"The first of March! Why, my good fellow, you have a day to spare then, the first of March will not be here till to-morrow. It is leap year and February has twenty-nine days."

The soldier was thunderstruck—"Twenty-nine days is it? You're certain of that same! Oh, mother, mother, the devil fly away wid yer ould almanack, a base cratur of a book to be deceavin' one afther living so long in the family of us."

His first impulse was to cut a caper on the roof of the coach, and throw up his cap with a loud "Hurrah!" His second was to throw himself into the arms of his own Kathleen, and the third was to wring my hand off in acknowledgment. "It's a happy man I am, your honour, for my word's saved, and all by your honour's manes. Long life to your honour for the same, and may ye live a long hundred, and lape years every one of them!"

ANON.

HOME, SWEET HOME

THE household goods of a ruined Millionaire were being sold at auction, and a fashionable assembly of bidders were present. The auctioneer came to a handsome grand square piano, and as he opened it he observed that the maker's catalogue price for the instrument was £300. "Now for a bid—say 50 guineas—oh, 75. £100. May I make that guineas? 125!—150!—150 two places. 175! Any advance on 175. Will anyone come forward and play something—any one?"

At this call there was a stir near the door, and then a man advanced—a man who seemed strangely out of place among the elegantly attired people assembled in that grand parlour. It was a ragged, soiled tramp on whose face hardship and dissipation had left their imprints. A murmur of astonishment and disgust ran round the room. How came such a creature there? What right had he in that room with decent people? *How* did he gain admittance? The faultlessly attired men fell back as the tramp approached, and the women drew aside their skirts as if the touch of such a being were contamination. Some looked round for the auctioneer's assistants,

and one man had lifted his cane as if to strike the vagabond. "Put him out!" The words were uttered by more than one pair of lips. Heedless of the looks or words of those around, the tramp walked, or rather staggered, toward the piano. His step was that of a drunken man, but his cheeks were sunken and pallid as if hunger gnawed at his vitals, and his eyes gleamed with a wild unnatural light, a light that caused the auctioneer to shiver and fall back with a hand half upraised. Without a word the vagrant *seated* himself at the piano, and his fingers touched the ivory keys. For a moment he seemed to hesitate, his fingers wandering aimlessly, yet producing a few soft and harmonious notes. Then of a sudden a burst of melody came from the piano, a flood of music that thrilled the souls of all who heard. It was Beethoven's grandest march, and it was rendered by a master musician. Never before in that magnificent parlour was such music heard. Could it be the ragged tramp who was playing? Amazed, stricken dumb and motionless by what they saw and heard, the people who had gathered there stared and listened, holding their breath while their ears drank in the soul-intoxicating strains conjured from the faultless instrument by the wizard musician in rags. The march ended, but the flood of music still poured from the piano, Beethoven, Mozart, Wagner, Liszt—the strange man knew them all, and their best work he rendered with a master's touch. Wonderful, amazing! The enthralled listeners looked into each other's faces, and whispered the words, "Who is he?" No one could answer, but one thought he must be some great musician masquerading. Listen! he is improvising now. How sweet his strain—soft and low, yet full of joy and sunshine, it flows on and on like a laughing, dancing brook. Slowly a touch of sadness creeps into the melody. It is like the gentle fall of a summer rain on a new-

made grave—it is like the faintly-heard sobbing of a mother as she bends above the dead face of her first-born. It moves the heart of many a woman as she listens, and more than one pair of eyes are dim with unbidden tears. At last comes the sweetest, saddest, grandest tune ever composed—Home, Sweet Home. All else is forgotten now. One of the women is sobbing softly in the depths of her handkerchief. Softer and softer, slower and slower, the strain is sinking—dying. It is like the last effort of a soul passing from earth. Finally it ceases, and then the tramp musician sinks forward on the instrument and remains motionless. A sigh runs round the room. The auctioneer touches the tramp on the shoulder. The vagabond does not stir. They lift the nerveless body and look into his face. He has gone "home."

"*Detroit Free Press.*"

THEY NEVER QUARRELLED

THEY had been married about three weeks, and had just gone to housekeeping. He was starting down town one morning, and she followed him to the door. They had their arms wrapt around each other, and she was saying:

"O Clarence, do you think it possible that the day can ever come when we will part in anger?"

"Why, no, little girl, of course not. What put that foolish idea into my little birdie's head, eh?"

"Oh, nothing, dearest. I was only thinking how perfectly dreadful it would be if one of us should speak harshly to the other."

"Well, don't think of such wicked, utterly impossible

things any more. We can never, never, never quarrel."

"I know it, darling. Good-bye, you dear old precious, good-bye, and—oh, wait a second, Clarence; I've written a note to mamma; can't you run around to the house and leave it for her some time to-day?"

"Why, yes, dearie; if I have time."

"If you have time? O Clarence!"

"What is it, little girlie?"

"Oh, to say 'if you have time' to do almost the very first errand your little wife asks you to do."

"Well, well, I expect to be very busy to-day."

"Too busy to please me? O Clarence, you hurt my feelings so."

"Why, child, I——"

"I'm not a child, I'm a married woman, and I——"

"There, there, my pet. I——"

"No, no, Clarence, if I were your p—p—pet you'd——"

"But, Mabel, do be reasonable."

"O Clarence! don't speak to me so."

"Mabel, be sensible, and——"

"Go on, Clarence, go on; break my heart."

"Stuff and nonsense."

"Oh! o—o—o—o—oh!"

"What have I said or done?"

"As if you need ask! But go—hate me if you will, Clarence, I——"

"This is rank nonsense!"

"I'll go back to mamma if you want me to. She loves me, if you don't."

"You must have a brain-storm!"

"Oh! yes, sneer at me, ridicule me, break my poor heart. Perhaps you had better strike me!"

He bangs the door, goes down the steps on the jump, and races off, muttering something about women being the "queerest creatures."

Of course, they'll make it up when he comes home,

and they'll have many a little tiff in the years to come, and when they grow old they'll say:

"We've lived together forty-five years, and in all that time have never spoken a cross word to each other!"

ANON.

THE GIRL AND THE GLOVES

NATURALLY, he was a little surprised when the school-girl, swinging her school books in a strap, stepped up to the counter, and asked him timidly if he kept gentlemen's gloves, size eight. But, he reflected, she was probably executing the commission for her father.

As a matter of fact, she was merely filling in a little time between the end of school hours and the beginning of luncheon with the pastime which pleased her most—the pastime of making people feel mad.

"Certainly," he said, with a patronising and encouraging smile. "What kind of gloves would you prefer, Miss? Dogskin is being a good deal worn just now."

"Thanks," she said, "I don't think I should like gloves which were made from the skin of poor little dogs. It seems so cruel."

He smiled afresh.

"That is merely a trade term," he said. "They are not really made from the skins of dogs."

"I don't think," she said, "I want to buy gloves that are not what they pretend to be. It seems so dishonest."

"Just as you wish, Miss," he replied, indulgently. "We have every kind of glove in stock. Of course, dogskin is a great deal worn——"

"That is just it," she interrupted him. "I don't want a glove that is a great deal worn. I didn't know you sold second-hand articles. Haven't you got any new gloves?"

His smile was a little sickly, but he smiled it patiently.

"Ours are all this season's goods. Would you care for a doeskin or a suede?"

"Suede sounds very nice," she said. "What does it mean?"

"Oh, it's merely a trade term for a special sort of glove. I feel sure that you would find the suede very satisfactory."

"Is suede the name of an animal?" she asked.

"I really can't say. Let me show you some of them, and then you can——"

"I should like to know, though," she said. "Suede sounds rather like the French for Sweden. Is it?"

He fell back on his original earthworks.

"These trade terms," he said, "are merely—er—as a matter of fact, trade terms, and to be taken as such. Permit me."

And he whipped off the cover of a box.

"Would those suit you, do you think?"

"No," she said, "the grey is too dark."

He then fetched down another box, in which the grey was too light. He then went up a ladder, and fetched a box of fawn colour, which were too light. He then dived under the counter, and procured another box of fawn colour, which were too dark. The school-girl kindly said that as she didn't want to give any trouble, she would have to make those do. That was all right. The smile came back to the man's face.

"These," he said, "are seven-and-six the pair."

"Then I will take one," she replied.

"One pair? Precisely."

"No, one glove. Right hand, please."

The smile died out again.

"Oh, we can't do that," he said. "We are never asked to do that. We never split a pair."

"No," she said. "Split gloves wouldn't be much use if you did. I want one glove, please; right hand."

"But, don't you see," he said, exasperated, "that one glove is of no use to us?"

"I'm not trying to buy gloves that will be of use to you, I'm buying them for a poor man who has only got one hand. So two gloves would be of no use to him."

"Well, I can't help it," said the man snappishly. "We can't separate a pair."

"Of course," the girl said, "I should have expected to pay the price of a pair for the single glove."

The smile came back again.

"I see, that quite alters the case. We shall be delighted—the right-hand glove, I think you said, miss?"

"No, thanks," she said. "You told me you could not separate them. You told me that twice. Now, I don't want to make you tell stories for the sake of seven-and-six. I will go and buy the gloves somewhere else. But it does seem a funny thing that when you advertise every kind of requisite, you can't really sell anything. Good-morning."

She left the shop and got into a tram. The only other passenger, a somewhat nervous old lady, immediately got out. A girl who laughed loudly and unintermittently, with no visible cause, could not possibly be sane.

BARRY PAIN.

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THE MURDER OF NANCY

[Bill Sikes, the burglar, a most hardened ruffian, was one of Fagin's associates. The unfortunate Nancy, not a bad wench at heart, who really loves Sikes, attempts to frustrate a carefully planned burglary. On hearing that she had given information anent the scheme, Sikes returns home, and without a moment's warning, commits the horrible deed. After the crime he is conscience-stricken with remorse.]

On leaving Fagin's, without one pause or moment's consideration, without once turning his head to right or left, or raising his eyes to the sky, or lowering them to the ground, but looking straight before him with savage resolution, his teeth so tightly compressed that the strained jaw seemed starting through his skin, the robber held on his headlong course, nor muttered a word, nor relaxed a muscle, until he reached his own door. He opened it softly with a key, strode lightly up the stairs, and entering his own room, double-locked the door, and lifting a heavy table against it, drew back the curtain of the bed.

The girl was lying half-dressed upon it. He had roused her from her sleep, for she raised herself with a hurried and startled look.

"Get up," said the man.

"It is you, Bill," said the girl, with an expression of pleasure at his return.

"It is," was the reply. "Get up."

There was a candle burning, but the man hastily drew it from the candlestick and hurled it under the grate. Seeing the faint light of early day without, the girl rose to undraw the curtain.

"Let it be," said Sikes, thrusting his hand before her, "there's light enough for what I've got to do."

"Bill," said the girl, in the low voice of alarm, "why do you look like that at me?"

The robber sat regarding her for a few seconds with dilated nostrils and heaving breast, and then grasping her by the head and throat, dragged her into the middle of the room, and looking once towards the door, placed his heavy hand upon her mouth.

"Bill, Bill!" gasped the girl, wrestling with the strength of mortal fear; "I won't scream or cry—not once. Hear me—speak to me—tell me what I have done!"

"You know, you she-devil," returned the robber, suppressing his breath. "You were watched to-night, every word you said was heard."

"Then spare my life for the love of Heaven, as I spared yours," rejoined the girl, clinging to him. "Bill, dear Bill, you cannot have the heart to kill me. Oh! think of all I have given up only this one night for you. You shall have time to think, and save yourself this crime. I will not loose my hold, you cannot throw me off. Bill, Bill! for dear God's sake, for your own, for mine, stop before you spill my blood. I have been true to you; upon my guilty soul, I have."

The man struggled violently to release his arms; but those of the girl were clasped round his, and tear her as he would, he could not tear them away.

"Bill," cried the girl, striving to lay her head upon his breast, "the gentleman and that dear lady told me to-night of a home in some foreign country where I could end my days in solitude and peace. Let me see them again, and beg them on my knees to show the same mercy and goodness to you, and let us both leave this dreadful place, and far apart lead better lives, and forget how we have lived except in prayers, and never see each other more. It is never too late to repent, they told me so—I feel it now—but we must have time, a little, little time."

The housebreaker freed one arm, and grasped his

pistol. The certainty of immediate detection if he fired flashed across his mind, even in the midst of his fury, and he beat it twice with all the force he could summon upon the upturned face that almost touched his own. She staggered and fell, nearly blinded with the blood that rained down from a deep gash in her forehead, but raising herself with difficulty on her knees, drew from her bosom a white handkerchief.

"Rose Maylie's own"—and holding it up in her folded hands as high towards heaven as her feeble strength would let her, breathed one prayer for mercy to her Maker.

It was a ghastly figure to look upon: the murderer staggering backward to the wall, and shutting out the sight with his hand, seized a heavy club and struck her down.

CHARLES DICKENS.

From "Oliver Twist."

THROUGH DEATH'S DARK VALE

THERE is a place, Shieldhill by name, that sits blithely on the braeface at the entering in of Annandale, where the country is not very wild, and there are many cottar houses dotted among the knowes. But at the time of our story the heavy hand of persecution was upon the country, and the poor folk were being driven from hearth and homestead to wander on the bleak and barren hillsides. For some time the troops of dragoons who were scouring the country had had but scant success, for they were ill-accustomed to this mossy and boggy land. At length, however, the commander of the main body, James Johnstone of Westerha', hit upon a plan for enclosing the whole

with a ring of his men and coming upon the party of Covenanters, as he thought, unawares, for he said the place was like a conventicle and rife with psalm-singers. But he was a wild man when he found the men and women all fled, and only the bairns, feared mostly out of their lives, sitting cowering by the ingle, or hiding about the byres.

"I'll fear them waur, or my name is no' James Johnstone!"

So what did this ill-set Johnstone do but gather them all up into a knot by a great thorn tree that grows on the slope. The children stood together, huddled in a crowd, too frightened to speak or even to cry aloud; and one thing I noticed, that the lassie bairns sat stiller and grat not so much as the boys, all save one who was a laddie of about ten years. He stood with his hands behind his back, and his face was very white; but he threw back his head and looked the dragoons fair in the face as one that has conquered fear. Then Westerha' rode forward almost to the midst of the bairns, glowering and roaring at the bit things to frighten them, as was his custom with such.

They were mostly from six to ten years of age, and when I saw them thus with their feared white faces, I wished that I had been six foot high, and with twenty good men of the Glen at my back. But I minded that I was but a boy, "Stay-at-home John," as Sandy called me, and could do nothing with my hands; so I could only fret and be silent.

So Westerha' rode nearer to them, shouting to them like a shepherd crying down the wind tempestuously when his dogs are working sourly.

"Hark ye," he cried, "ill bairns that ye are! Ye are a' tae dee, an' that quickly, unless ye shall answer me what I shall ask of ye."

A party of soldiers was now drawn out before them, and the young things were bid look into the black

muzzles of the muskets. They were, indeed, only loaded with powder, but the children did not know that.

"Tell me who comes to your houses at nights, and who goes away early in the mornings." The children crept closer to one another, but none answered, whereupon Westerha' indicated one with his finger. the lad who stood up so straightly and held his head back. "You, young cock-o'-the-heather! what might your black Whig's name be?"

"Juist the same as yer Honour's, James Johnstone," replied the boy in no way abashed. Methought there ran a titter of laughter among the soldiers, for Westerha' was noways so well liked as Graham of Claverhouse or even roaring Grier of Lag.

"And what is your father's name?" continued Westerha', bending a black look on the lad.

"James Johnstone," replied the boy. Back in the ranks some one laughed. Westerha' flung an oath over his shoulder.

"Who was the man who laughed? Who was the man who laughed? I shall teach you to laugh at the Johnstone in his own country."

"It was Jeems Johnstone o' Wamphray that laughed, your Honour," replied the calm voice of a troop-sergeant. Then Westerha' set himself to the work of examination, which suited him well.

"Ye will not answer, young rebels!" he cried. "Ken ye what they get that will not speak when the King bids them?"

"Are you the King?" said the lad of ten, who was called James Johnstone. At this Westerha' waxed perfectly furious, with a pale and shaky fury that I liked not to see; but indeed the whole affair was so distasteful to me that I could but turn my head away.

"Now, ill bairns," said Westerha', "and you, my young rebel namesake, hearken ye! The King's command is not to be made light of, and I tell you

plainly, that as ye will not answer, I am resolved that ye shall all be shot dead on the spot."

With that he sent men to set them out in rows and make them kneel down with kerchiefs over their eyes. Now when the soldiers came near to the cluster of huddled bairns, that same heart-broken, little bleating which I have heard lambs make, broke again from them. It made my heart bleed and the nerves tingle in my palms; and this was King Charles Stuart making war; it had not been his father's way. But the soldiers—although some few were smiling a little as at an excellent play—were mostly black ashamed. Nevertheless, they made the bairns kneel, for that was the order, and without mutiny they could not better it.

"Soger man, wull ye let me tak' ma wee brither by the han', I think he wud thole it better," said a little maid of eight, and the soldier let go a great oath and looked at Westerha' as though he could have slain him.

"Bonny wark," he cried. "Deil burn me gin I listit for this."

But the little maid had already taken her brother by the hand. "Bend doon, Alec, ma man, doon on yer knees."

The boy glanced up at her. "Wull it be sair, think ye, Maggie? I hope it'll no' be awfu' sair."

"Na, na, Alec," his sister made answer. "It'll no' be either lang or sair?"

But James Johnstone neither bent nor knelt. "I hae dune nae wrang," he said. "I'll juist dee this way." And he stood up like one that straightens himself at drill.

Then Westerha' bid fire over the bairns' heads, which was cruel, cruel work, and only some of the soldiers did it; but even a few pieces that did go off made a great noise in that lonely place. At the sound of the muskets some of the bairns fell forward

on their faces as if they had really been shot; some leapt in the air, but the most part knelt quietly and composedly. Little Alec, whose sister had his hand in hers, made as if to rise.

"Bide ye doon, Alec, ma wee mannie," she said, very quietly, "It's no' oor turn yet."

Then the heart within me gave way, and I roared out in my helpless pain a perfect gowl of anger and grief.

"Bonny Whigs ye are," cried Westerha', "tae dee withoot even a prayer! Put up a prayer this minute, for ye shall a' dee, every one o' ye."

Then the boy, James Johnstone, made answer to him. "Sir, we canna pray, for we be too young to pray."

"Ye are not too young to rebel nor yet to die for it," was the brute-beast's answer. With that the little girl held up a hand as if she was answering a dominie in class.

"An' it please ye, sir," she said, "me an' Alec canna' pray, but we can sing 'The Lord's my Shepherd,' gin that wull do; my mither learnt us it afore she gaed awa'." And before any one could stop her, she stood up like one that leads the singin' in a kirk. "Stan' up, Alec, ma mannie," she said.

Then all the bairns stood up, and from the lips of the babes arose the quavering strains, "The Lord's my Shepherd, I'll not want." . . . As they sang, I began to grasp hold of my pistols and to sort and prime them, hardly knowing what I did, for I was resolved to make a break for it, and at least to blow a hole in James Johnstone of Westerha' that would mar him for life, before I suffered any more of it; but even as they sang I saw trooper after trooper turn away his head, for being Scots bairns themselves they had all learnt that psalm. The ranks shook, man after man fell out, and I saw the tears happin'

down their cheeks. But it was Douglas of Morton, that stark persecutor, who first broke down.

"Curse it, Westerha'," he cried, "I canna' thole this langer; I'll war wi' bairns na mair fur a' the earldoms i' the north." And at last even Westerha' turned his bridle and rode away from Shieldhill, for the victory was to the bairns. I wonder what his thoughts were, for he, too, had learnt that psalm at his mother's knee, and as the troopers rode loosely up hill and down brae, broken and ashamed, the sound of these bairns' singing followed them, and across the fells came the words:—

> "Yea though I walk through death's dark vale,
> Yet will I fear none ill;
> For Thou art with me, and Thy rod
> And staff me comfort still."

S. R. CROCKETT.

From "The Men of the Moss-haggs."

PEACH-PIE

A LITTLE girl entered a bakery and, walking to the counter, asked:

"Do you sell pies?"

"Yes, my little girl."

"My mamma said you sold pies. How much are they?"

"Ten cents apiece."

"Give me a peach-pie."

"I am all out of peach-pies; however, I have some nice mince-pies."

"But I want a peach-pie."

"Well, I am all sold out."

"My mamma said you kept peach-pies."

"Well, so I do, but just now I am all out of them."

"My mamma said if I gave you ten cents you would give me a peach-pie."

"So I would, if I had any."

"Any what?"

"Peach-pies."

"That's what I want."

"But I haven't any. I have some mince-pies left."

"But I don't want a mince-pie, I want a peach-pie."

"Well, I have pumpkin, mince, apple, lemon, and cherry-pies, but no peach-pie."

"You sold my mamma a peach-pie yesterday for ten cents."

"Yes, but I had peach-pies to sell yesterday."

"How much do you want for your peach-pies?"

"If I had any I would let you have one for ten cents."

"I have ten cents in my hand."

"But I haven't any peach-pies, I am all sold out. Don't you understand?"

"You sold my mamma a peach-pie yesterday for ten cents."

"Of course I did, I had some to sell yesterday; if I had any to sell to-day I would let you have it."

"This is a baker shop, isn't it?"

"Of course it is."

"And you sell pies and cakes?"

"Of course I do."

"Then I want a peach-pie."

"Little girl, go home! I will never have any more peach-pies to sell! Do you hear? Never any more peach-pies!"

ANON.

OH! CHRISTINA!

A DIALOGUE FOR TWO LADIES

Miss Purvis—"I wonder where Christina is? Oh, here she comes, learning her lessons."

"I presume," said Miss Purvis, slowly and solemnly, "I presume, Christina, that you are taught grammar at school."

"Uh-ha," said Christina lightly, looking up from the latest number of *The Society Novelist.*

Miss Purvis adopted a tone of voice which she understood was quite withering.

"Perhaps I ought to have said, Christina, that an attempt has been made to teach you grammar at school."

"Hooch ay," returned Christina placidly. "Ha'e ye read this yin, auntie?" she inquired, tapping the novelette. "It's a fair corker. It's aboot a bewtyus young leddy that's supposed to ha'e gi'ed her granny poison in her gruel for to get her siller to gi'e to her young man that's a crackt officer in a dashin' regiment. The young man's in debt, ye see, an' she——"

"That will do, Christina. How often have I told you that you are too young to read novels? Give it to me, and attend to what I say." Miss Purvis held out her hand for the novelette, which her niece resigned with reluctance.

"Now," continued Miss Purvis, "I am going to give you a lesson in grammar. It seems to me that grammar is not properly taught nowadays. When I was a girl at school I got a prize for grammar alone——"

"They're no' sae free wi' the prizes nooadays," remarked Christina.

Miss Purvis rose with dignity, and from a small shelf on the wall took down a slim volume, bound in black cloth and rebacked with strips of linen.

"This," she said "is my old grammar."

"I thocht it was maybe yer prize, auntie," said Christina. "Ye've no' kep' it extra weel."

Miss Purvis ignored the observation. "I intend to give you a short lesson from this book every Monday, Wednesday, and Friday evening——"

"Murder! polis!" cried Christina.

"Christina! Don't dare to use that expression in my presence!"

"Weel, I've plenty lessons already. An' I've got ma ain grammar," said the girl protestingly. "Gi'e's a chance, auntie."

"My child," returned the spinster more gently, yet still firmly, "you must learn to speak properly. It isn't your shocking expressions alone that grieve me, it is your utter disregard of all the rules of grammar. You may find the lessons hard just now, but you will thank me some day."

"What d'ye want me to dae?" Christina asked in a dull voice.

"I wish you to attend to me. . . . Now we shall begin at the very beginning." Miss Purvis opened the book.

"Haud on a meenute, auntie!"

"Say, 'Wait a minute, please,'" Miss Purvis said patiently.

"Wait a meenute, please," the girl repeated.

"Certainly," said the aunt, with grave politeness. "What do you wish to say, Christina?"

Christina smiled. "Did ye say I was to get a lesson on Monday, Wednesday, an' Friday?"

"Yes, dear."

"Aweel, this is Thursday!" Christina's tone was triumphant.

That is true," said Miss Purvis, recovering herself.

"But we may as well make a beginning to-night, and perhaps miss a lesson some night later on. Now, pay attention, Christina. . . . The first thing we have to do is to learn what grammar is. What is grammar?"

"Dear knows," Christina gloomily replied.

"Christina!"

"Ach, weel, I dinna ken, an' I'm no' heedin'," Christina said, with some irritation.

"I ask you once more—what is grammar?" Miss Purvis spoke as sternly as she could. "What is grammar?"

The girl picked up the poker, and began to toy with it.

"Put down the poker at once, Christina!"

Christina dropped it clattering on the fender.

"Pick it up and lay it down quietly," said Miss Purvis.

Christina picked it up and laid it down with a single bang.

"I said quietly, Christina."

"I heard ye."

There was a long silence.

At last Christina picked up the poker again, and laid it down without a sound.

"Onything for peace," she muttered. Then catching sight of her aunt's countenance, which was more sad than angry, she repented. "Tell us what grammar is, auntie," she said respectfully.

The simple soul of Miss Purvis was at once touched and gratified.

"I'll tell you with pleasure, my dear," she said kindly. "And Christina, you must not think that I am going to give you lessons just to give you trouble. It is for your own good. Don't you believe that?"

"Uh-ha," said Christina awkwardly. "I ken ye mean weel."

Miss Purvis nodded cheerfully, and lifted the battered book from her lap.

"Now for our definition of grammar, Christina! Grammar," she began, opening the book, "Grammar is——"

"Grammar, Christina," she resumed feebly, "Grammar is——"

Not for the life of her could she recollect the definition which she had once learned from the now missing page.

Christina regarded her with sympathetic concern.

"Dinna fash yersel'," she said, at last softly. "It's nae odds to me. "I'm no heedin'. Grammar's jist grammar, an' that's a' aboot it. Eh?"

Miss Purvis passed a hand over her brow. "It's very extraordinary," she murmured; "but somehow I seem to have forgotten the exact words. Grammar is— Grammar is— No! I cannot remember them." And she fell to gazing at her own name, written on the inside of the cover in a school-girl hand, and followed by the undoubtedly full address of her residence: "Mary Jane Purvis, 12 Blyth Street, Pilrig, Edinburgh, Midlothian, Scotland, Great Britain, Europe, The World."

She could not help smiling at her youthful folly, and almost before she knew, Christina was looking over her shoulder.

"Oh, Jamaica!" exclaimed Christina. "Was't you that drew thur funny wee men, auntie?"

"Funny wee men!" Miss Purvis cried in horror, her eyes lighting on several tiny pencil sketches above and below her name and address.

She made to close the book, but Christina caught hold of it, pulled it from her, skipped across the room in an ecstasy of mirth, and finally fell into a chair with peals of laughter.

"Oh, the funny wee men!" she gasped. "My! it's you for the comic, auntie, it's you for the comic!"

'Come, my dear," said her aunt, laughing in a shamed fashion, "give me back the book. I think I can remember the definition now."

But Christina, turning to the end of the volume, found more sketches.

"Here yin wi' bowly legs!" she announced, "an' here anither wi'——"

"Christina!" the spinster remonstrated.

But Christina was beyond control. "Wha was Maister M'Fadyen?" she enquired.

"Mr M'Fadyen," replied Miss Purvis, restraining herself, "was my most respected master. He taught English an——"

"Fine ham! He's the bowly-leggit yin, an' ye've wrote ablow him, 'Mr M'Fadyen is a pig!' My! but it's you for the comic! Was ye no' feart to write thur things on yer book, eh?"

Miss Purvis rose, trembling.

"Christina, give me the book at once."

The girl looked at her aunt. "I didna mean to vex ye, auntie," she said remorsefully, and did as requested.

"Christina," continued Miss Purvis, her anger evaporating at once. "I'm thinking of doing some tidying up in the shop before bed-time. Would you like to help me?"

"Fine!"

"And," added Miss Purvis, with an effort, "We'll begin our grammar lesson in earnest next Monday."

"Hooch ay!" said Christina cheerfully. "But did you no' think grammar lessons was rubbidge when you was at the schule, auntie?" she asked in a confidential whisper.

"*Were*," corrected Miss Purvis. "Grammar lessons *were* rubbish, Christina," she said, never suspecting the trap set for her.

"I thocht that!" cried Christina. "My, it's you for the comic!"

"Christina I have been thinking lately that it would be very pleasant if you were to read something aloud to me every evening, my dear."

"Right you are!" said Christina, opening the novelette.

"No; not that kind of reading. I mean good reading. Now, if you go to the shelf, you will find a little book—a little green book—called *Gems of Poesie.* You might bring it to me."

Christina rose without much eagerness, and brought her aunt the volume mentioned.

"I got this as a prize when I was at school, Christina."

"It's no much o' a prize; what did ye get it for? Punctuality, eh?"

"For good conduct, Christina."

"Come on, noo! Ye're trying to cod me!"

"To what?"

"Och, never heed. I beg yer paurdon. I see 'for good conduct' on the front page, richt enough. Is't poetry?"

"The finest of poetry. That is why it is called *Gems of Poesie.* Now, what will you read to me?"

"You read first, auntie," said Christina backing away.

"Certainly," said Miss Purvis agreeably. She turned over the pages. "Ah! here is a beautiful poem. Sit down, Christina, and pay great attention."

Christina sat down and began to whistle softly.

"Hush! Listen to this beautiful poem. It is by William Wordsworth. It is called 'We are Seven.'" Miss Purvis emitted several delicate coughs.

"Did you say seven or seventy, auntie?" inquired her niece.

"Seven, Christina. 'We are Seven.' Now attend!—

> I met a little cottage girl:
> She was eight years old, she said——"

"Och, I ken that!" Christina interrupted. "It was in ma last year's reader. I ken it fine."

"Then, perhaps since you know it so well," said Miss Purvis, somewhat snappily, "you can tell me what comes after the two lines I have just read."

"Hooch ay!—

> I met a little cottage girl,
> She was eight years old, she said;
> She took her little porringer
> An' stuck it on her head!"

And Christina laughed heartily.

"Christina!" gasped her aunt. "I'm surprised at you!"

"That was the wey yin o' the lassies used to say it. Is there nae love-poetry in that prize o' yours?"

Miss Purvis ignored the inquiry. "If you are going to make a mock of these beautiful verses I shall not read another line."

"Oh, read anither, please, auntie."

After some hesitation the spinster began—

> "Oft have I heard of Lucy Gray——"

"Same here," said Christina, "but fire awa'."

Miss Purvis shut the book, laid it aside, and resumed her knitting.

A minute went slowly past.

"Auntie!"

"Yes?" very coldly.

"Auntie!"

"What is it?"

"I— I didna mean to offend ye. Gi's anither chance. I couldna help kennin' aboot the little cottage girl an' Miss Gray. They were baith in ma lesson book. Read anither, if ye please, auntie. I'll haud my tongue this time."

Miss Purvis relaxed from the stiff attitude she had assumed

"Well, Christina, if you will promise not to interrupt, I might read you 'Lord Ullin's Daughter.' It is by Thomas Campbell——"

"That's the name o' the sclater in Kilmabeg."

"Never mind that. 'Lord Ullin's Daughter' is an exceedingly fine poem."

"Was she young or auld?"

"She was young——"

"As young as me?"

"Oh, no; she was a young lady who ran away with her lover——"

"Her lover! Oh, my! Please read it, auntie," cried Christina, and, curling one leg round the other, settled herself to listen.

Miss Purvis was frankly delighted.

"Now, I'm sure that such a poem is far more worth reading than trashy novels, my dear. How would you like to learn 'Lord Ullin's Daughter' by heart?"

Christina smiled doubtfully.

"I'll tell you what we'll do," cried Miss Purvis, with a sudden inspiration. "If you can repeat the poem correctly to me by Thursday night, I'll take you to the moonlight cruise on Friday—provided that the weather is fine. Now, what do you say to that?"

The girl jumped up. "I'm on!" she shouted, and fell upon her aunt's neck.

Miss Purvis—"Well now, you go and learn the poem, Christina."

"Auntie, d'ye think it'll be fine on Friday?"

"Friday? Oh yes—yes, I hope it will be fine."

"I'm thinkin' it'll be a queer suck for me if Friday's wat. I canna unlearn the pome, Auntie!"

J. J. BELL.

By kind permission of the Author.

A LADY'S IMPRESSIONS OF THE PLAY

"WAS the play good, my dear?" asked Mr Greylock, the other night, after his wife had come from the theatre, where she had been with some friends.

"Good!" cried little Mrs Greylock, enthusiastically, "it was just grand, Mortimer. It was a lovely play,—and the dresses! In the first act she wore one of the most bewildering, beautiful things I ever saw in all my mortal life—a pale green skirt, brocaded in the sweetest shade of pink, with a perfectly magnificent train of——"

"Was her acting good?——"

"Heavy silver brocade without a particle of trimming on it; but the waist was trimmed all over with something I couldn't make out, although I strained, trying all the time she was on the stage. It was an evening dress, and when she first came on she had on——"

"But was she any good as an actress?"

"My dear, please don't interrupt—an opera cloak of soft pink plush lined with apple-green satin, with the loveliest fringe, with seed pearls shining in it and——"

"But tell me about her acting."

"Then in the second act she wore the most magnificent bridal costume I ever laid my eyes on, a heavy, shining ivory satin, with the most immense court train, and yards and yards of the loveliest Brussels lace. The whole front of the dress was one mass of tiny flounces of real lace, and down the sides there were cascades of the lace and pearl passementerie, while at the back——"

"But the play, my dear, I——"

"And the sleeves of the dress were of lace, and

they hung clear to the ground, away from the arm. You know I never saw anything like it before; I can't begin to describe it to you, but it was perfectly——"

"You need not describe any more of it, my dear. I'd rather hear about——"

"Then, in the next act she came on in the most exquisite thing—a lovely shade of rose-pink silk, made with sweeping train over a petticoat of Turkish embroidery. Oh, that embroidery was too sweet! She wore with this dress a——"

"Come, come, my dear, have done with her gowns and——"

"Yes, yes, I'm done with the gowns; but I was going to tell you about her jewels. With the pink dress she wore a perfectly gorgeous diamond necklace, and in her ears she had——"

"I don't care a continental what she had in her ears—don't care much whether she had any ears at all or not. Can she act? That's what I'd like to know."

"Act! Of course she can act. I never saw a woman more self-possessed than she was. She never sat down or rose awkwardly a single time, and I never saw any one manage a train more gracefully than she, and in the fourth act her train was so immense—it was one of the heaviest Lyons velvet, with a front of netted silk. She wore with it the heaviest girdle of jet I ever saw."

"At least tell me what the play was."

"Oh, the play did you ask?—yes, what was the play?—why, it was—it was—now, let me see, what was the play? Strange, I remember reading it on the—run downstairs and get my muff, dear, and you will find a programme in it. I really don't remember just what the name of the play was."

ANON.

MAISTER RIDHORN'S TOILET

"WULLIE, did I no' tell ye, ye could gang hame?"

"Ay, but—but can I no get stoppin' till ye've dressed yersel'?"

"I'm no' in the habit o' performin' ma toilet in public, Wullie. Tak' aff yer lemonade an' get awa' hame."

"Let me bide, an' I'll polish yer buits till ye can see yer face in them."

"I'll be gled when I see ma feet in them. They're that ticht, they're a' richt for a funeral, whaur a body's no expectit to be merry; but for a mairriage, wi' dancin' to follow, they're—weel, Wullie, ye can bide, but nae levity, Wullie, nae levity; mind that. Laddie, for ony favour dinna glower at me as if I was a wauxwork. Did ye never see onybody shavin' afore?"

"Na. It's awfu' funny."

"Funny? Criftens! it's a tragedy! I bocht this rauzor aff a man in Glesca. It cost me hauf a croon, an' the man said it wud provide a luxurious shave. Weel, it's maybe that; I'm no' used to luxury. Never shave, Wullie; grow a baird when yer time comes."

"What wey dae ye no' grow a baird, Maister Ridhorn?"

"Weel, the plainest o' human bein's ha'e their wee vanities. I yinst tried for to grow a baird, but I couldna get it to come even. So, instead o' bein' contentit to be as Providence designed me, I resumed this torture. Let it be a warnin', Wullie; let it be a warnin'. Noo to perform ma abolutions. That wasna a bad shave. Dootless, if I had been the bridegroom, instead o' best man, I wad ha'e cutted aff ma nose?"

"What has the best man got to dae, Maister Ridhorn?"

"What has he got to dae? He's got to be a host in hissel'. A compendium o' tact an' sociabeelity. For instance, I'm feart I stert up and propose the health o' the bride's parents, wha've been deid, puir bodies, for mony a lang year. I'm feart I affront masel' in fifty weys. Never shave, an' never be a best man, Wullie.

"Hech! but that's caller! If ye canna be handsome ye can aye be clean. Tits! this towel's fu' o' holes. I near dislocatit ma nose. Criftens! it's a sight for a female suffragist."

"I'll get ma mither to mend it for ye."

"Dinna repeat it. This towel is yin o' ma boudoyr secrets, laddie.

"If Julius Cæsar had wore this sark, he might ha'e leeved to be hung. He certainly wudna ha'e felt the daggers o' his foes. An', as per usual, the button at the back's awa' wi' 't. Ha'e ye a preen, laddie? Noo for the collar—anither invention of deluded man.

"My! but it's stiff! Whaur's ma stud? It's got a patent heid that flees aff when ye least expect it. It's no' the thing to wear when ye've a ticht collar an' a kitly hoast——

"Tits! I near forgot to brush ma hair. What wey did ye no' ca' ma attention to the omeesion, Wullie?"

"I didna notice, Maister Ridhorn. I was brushin' yer buits."

"Weel, weel, ye've mair to brush nor I've got. Ma hair's like yin o' thae fastin' professors; it gets thinner and thinner every day."

"Are ye ready for yer buits noo?"

"Na; I'll keep them till the very last. Nae use meetin' trouble hauf roads?

"D'ye see ma tie onywhaur? It's a pink tie—quite the correct thing. Ye've got to look jaunty at a waddin'. D'ye no' see ma tie? This is awfu'!

Five-fifteen—an' me no' ready. Whaur on earth is ma tie?"

"I'll rin hame an' get ma Sunday yin. I'll no be lang. Ye can be pittin' on yer ither things till I come back."

"It's—it's rale braw, Wullie, but it's a—a wee thing juvenile for me. Never heed, though. I'll wear it and be yer debtor."

"The tie looks fine. It's a guid thing ye let me bide the day."

"Deed, ay."

"Are yer buits hurtin' ye?"

"So-so; ma chief torture the noo is mental. Gi'e ma coat a brush, Wullie. An' mind the buttons at the back. They're like masel', requirin' the attentions o' a female. Never you be a bachelor, Wullie—unless ye gi'e up the pentin' an' become a tailor."

J. J. Bell.

By kind permission of the Author.

THE PIG IN A POKE

Robert Forsyth, the father of the advocate, and himself gravedigger, bellman, and minister's man, was asked by his master, who was knowing in pigs, to take one of a very fine litter to his friend, the then minister of Dolphinton. Rob was told to be sure to inform the receiver of everything about its "blood and culture"—not only who its father and mother, but who its forebears generally were. "And ye see, Rab, be shure ye tell this afore ye let it oot, for he'll never heed a word ye say after that for glowerin' at its perfections." So off Rob trudged with his poke and its high-bred burden. When he came to Candy

Burn, a little way out of Biggar, where a dram was then sold, he met Richie Robb, a humorist and wag, who, seeing the bedral, says, "Whaur are ye gaun?" "Oo, I'm gaun to Dowfintoun, wi' juist the wunnerfuest pig ever was piggit; it's for the minister." "Ay, man! Come yer ways in and tak' a dram, and let's see the pig." The pig was seen and admired, and then the dram and a crack. Meantime, Richie takes out the pig and puts in a young puppy-dog about the same weight, and Robbie trudges off, arriving in the afternoon at the Manse of Dolphinton. The minister was out looking about him, and knew Rob. "What's this in the poke, Robbie, my man?" "Ay, ye may well speir, Mr Meek. It's juist the maist extraordinar pig ever was. My maister has sent it as a parteekler present to you, wi' his compliments." "Let us see't, Robbie." "Na, na, sir, I maun first put ye up to its generation, sae to speak." He then detailed its antecedents, and let it solemnly escape at the corner. Out came the puppy, winking and lively. "That's a dowg, Robbie?" says the minister. "A dug! A dug! as shure's daith it is a dug; it was as shure, Mr Meek—as fac's daith—it was a pig when it gaed in!" "Weel, Robbie, it's a dug noo, so you may tak' it back. But come in and hae yer four oors." Robbie took a fearful look at the beast, returned it with much subdued blasphemy, astonishment, and cruelty to the poke, and, making a hearty meal, started again, giving a sceptical keek into the poke every now and then on his way, when he thought nobody saw him, to see what further change was going on. He arrived once more, disgusted, bewildered, and weary, at Candy Burn, where, of course, Richie was waiting for him. "Ye've been lang, Robbie, and what for are ye carryin' the poke ower yer shouther?" Robbie gave a grunt of disgust, and told his story. "That's awfu', Robbie, perfectly fearsome; ye maun stap in and hae a dram.

Oo maun tell Tibbie." Rob flung down his poke with its portentous contents—which gave an unmistakable yowl—and took his dram and told his woes. Of course, Richie transposed the pig once more, and on went Rob, heartened by drink a little, but full of alarm as to his master, who met him at the door eager to know what his friend thought of the pig. Robbie flung down his poke with a desperate air, took his stand, and, rubbing his forehead, poured out the prodigious story—"A whaulp, an absolute whaulp, as ye may see, sir, wi' yer ain een." Opening the poke, and giving it a vindictive kick, out came the pig of the morning! "As fac's death, Mr Watson, it was a whaulp at Dowfinton, and I lookit in noos and thans to see if it was turnin' into anything else; and it was a whaulp at Candy Burn, and that Richie Robb can aver and sweer." "Nae doot, Robbie, Richie kens a' aboot it," said the more knowing minister.

DR JOHN BROWN.

THE HAT

I HAD long believed that all was not right with my hat. I could prove nothing, but I had no doubt in my own mind that the girl took liberties with it. It is very easy to brush a silk hat the wrong way for instance, but silk hats do not brush themselves the wrong way; if it is done some one must have done it. Morning after morning I found marks on my hat which I could not account for. Well, I said nothing, but I made up my mind to keep my eyes open. It was not only the injury to the hat—it was the impertinence to myself that affected me.

One Saturday afternoon while I was at home, a costermonger came to the door with walnuts. The girl answered the bell, and presently I saw the coster and his cart go past the dining-room window. I don't know why it was, but a suspicion came over me. I stepped sharply to the door and looked out into the passage. There was no one there. The front door was open and the kitchen door was open, and in a position between the two, against the umbrella-stand, was—something worse than ever I expected. I picked that hat up, just as it was, with the walnuts inside it, and placed it on the dining-room table. Then I called for Eliza to come downstairs.

"What is it?" she asked, as she entered the dining-room.

I pointed to the hat. "This kind of thing," I said, "has been going on for years."

"Oh, do talk sense," she said. "What do you mean?"

"Sense!" I said, "you ask me to talk sense, when I find my own hat standing on the floor in the hall and used as a—a receptacle for walnuts."

She smiled. "I can explain all that," she said.

"I've no doubt you can; I'm sick to death of explanations. I give ten or eleven shillings for a hat, and find it ruined. I know those explanations! You told the girl to buy the walnuts, and she had got nothing else to put them in, and the hat was handy. But if you think I take that as an excuse, you make a mistake."

"I wasn't going to say that at all—"

"Or else you'll tell me that you can paste in a piece of white paper, so that the stains on the lining won't show. Explanations indeed!"

"And I wasn't going to say that either."

"I don't care what you were going to say; I won't hear it!—there's no explanation possible. For once

I mean to take a strong line. You see that hat! I shall never wear it again!"

"I know that."

"No one shall wear it. I don't care for the expense. If you choose to let that servant girl ruin my hat, then that hat shall be ruined, and no mistake about it."

I picked up the hat and gave it one sound, savage kick. My foot went through it, and the walnuts flew all over the room. At the same moment I heard from the drawing-room a faint tink-tink-tink on the piano.

"Yes," said Eliza, "that's the piano-tuner. He came in at the same time as the walnut man and bought those walnuts, and put them in his hat. *His* hat, mind you—not your hat! Your hat is hanging up in the usual place. You might have seen it if you'd looked, only you're—"

"Eliza," I said, "you need say no more. If that is so, the servant girl is much less to blame than I had supposed. I have to go out now, but perhaps you'd drop into the drawing-room and explain to the tuner that there's been some slight misunderstanding with his hat. And, I say, a glass of beer and two shillings is as much as you need offer."

BARRY PAIN.

From "Eliza." By arrangement and permission of the Executors.

MUMFORD'S PAVEMENT

SOME person accidentally upset a bucket of water on Mumford's pavement one of those snapping cold evenings last week, and Jack Frost slipping along soon after transformed it into a sheet of glistening, bone-breaking ice.

Mumford, wholly unconscious of the pitfall in front of his door, had just taken his seat at the basement window, when a stout old gentleman came along, carrying a half-peck of cranberries tied up in brown paper, and softly humming to himself—

"I wish I were a turtle dove,
I wish I were a sparrow,
I'd fly away to——

Je—ru—salem!" he exclaimed, as his legs spread themselves suddenly apart. A frightened, dazed look crept into his eyes, and a minute later he had burst the suspender buttons of his pantaloons, and hopelessly ruined a new eight-dollar silk hat, trying to butt a barrel of ashes into the gutter, while the air in that vicinity was filled with blue profanity and red cranberries.

Owing to the thermometer being down one flight of stairs below zero, and the old gentleman not having a calcium light in his vest pocket, he concluded not to pick the eighty-eight-thousand-and-odd scattered cranberries, but contented himself by shaking his fist violently in Mumford's direction, and yelling as he moved away—

"I can lick the stuffing out of a hull cart-load of such 'smartys' as you!"

"Mercy, what a funny old gentleman! first he falls down, and then he jumps up and blames me for it," remarked Mumford to his wife, who was sitting by the light, sewing.

He can't to this hour recollect what reply his wife made, his whole attention being suddenly riveted upon a very tall, thin woman with a long nose and big bustle, who was dragging a fat, dumpling-built little boy along by the hand. She had reached about the same spot where the old gentleman a moment before had been performing, when she stopped suddenly, clutched wildly at vacancy, tried to kick her bonnet

off, missed it by a few of the shortest kind of inches, tripped up the boy, and sat down on him with a force that threatened to drive him through the earth to China.

The prompt use of the boy preserver saved her bones and bustle from destruction, but it flattened the sacrificing youth to a thickness of a Jack of Clubs in a euchre deck.

"Don't you grin at me, you nasty big baboon, you!" she screamed, nodding her head at Mumford, while she groped around for her false teeth that had slipped out of her mouth in the confusion.

"She must certainly be drunk," soliloquised Mumford, watching her actions with amazement.

"If I was a man I'd skin you alive for this, you wretch!" she shouted, when she had got her teeth back, her bonnet on, and her bustle propped up.

"Drunk, and a lunatic both. What've I got to do with her slamming herself around on the sidewalk, I'd like to know?" he asked himself, as he watched her fading away in the darkness with her flattened boy in tow.

A few moments later, as he was flattening his nose against the window-pane, a pair of lovers came tripping along.

"And, Amy, love," said the gentleman, "I can hardly realise that soon you are to be my own little darling ducksey—— Suffering alligator!" he shrieked, as his legs opened like a pair of compasses, and he struck the sidewalk with a jar that loosened his back teeth, lifted his scalp an inch or two, cooled his love, ripped his pantaloons, started his eyes full of tears, and made him regret bitterly that he'd forgotten so much of his boyhood's profanity.

"O Fred!" exclaimed his fiancée, trying to lift him up by his paper collar; and the next instant his charmer's feet slipped on the ice, and after swaying to and fro violently for a moment, she attempted to

turn a back somersault; which her lover did not look upon as a success, owing probably to the fact of her kicking him in the ear as she went over him, with more of the force of a yellow mule or a dynamite cartridge, than that of the cardinal-stockinged idol of his heart.

They got up, glanced sheepishly around to see if any one had noticed them, tried to coax up a sickly smile, and limped away trying to look as if they didn't want to rub themselves.

"Hang it all! why don't you sprinkle some ashes on that ice?" called out a grocer, who had skated off into the gutter, and smashed two dozen eggs, the back of his head, and a bottle of olive-oil, in falling.

"Oh! there's ice there; so that accounts for the gymnastics!" said Mumford, filling a scuttle with hot coals and ashes, and hurrying out.

Some of the neighbours, who happened to be looking out of their front windows about this time, have said since that it was grand and awe-inspiring to see Mumford, after remaining for a second on the back of his neck, pointing at the twinkling stars with his heels, and emptying his pockets out on to the walk, suddenly collapse into a tangled, scorched and bruised heap, and fill the air with shrieks and more sparks than a firework explosion would make.

A policeman helped his wife and the cook to carry him into the house, and he has informed the doctor who is attending him, that as soon as he can cultivate enough skin to cover the burned places, he's going to move to a climate where it don't freeze once in a billion years. His wife thinks she has read of such a place in the Bible.

ANON.

QUICK COURTING

One long summer afternoon there came to Mr Davidson's the most curious specimen of an old bachelor the world ever heard of. He was old, grey, wrinkled and odd, hating old women, especially old maids, and wasn't afraid to say so. He and Aunt Patty had it hot whenever chance threw them together; yet still he came, and it was noticed that Aunt Patty took unusual pains with her dress whenever he was expected.

One day the contest waged unusually strong, and Aunt Patty left in disgust, and went out into the garden.

"That bear!" she muttered to herself, as she stopped to gather a flower which attracted her attention.

"What did you run for?" said a gruff voice behind her.

"To get rid of you."

"You didn't do it, did you?"

"No, you are worse than a big bully."

"You won't get rid of me either."

"I won't, eh?"

"Only in one way."

"And that?"

"Marry me."

"What! us two fools get married! What would people say?"

"That's nothin' to us. Come, say yes or no; I'm in a hurry."

"Well, no, then."

"Very well; good-bye; I sha'n't come again."

"Stop a bit—what a flutter you're in."

"Yes or no?"

"I must consult——"

"All right. I thought you were of age. Good-bye."

"Jabez Andrews, don't be a fool. Come back, I say. Why, I believe the critter has taken me for earnest. Jabez Andrews, I'll consider."

"I don't want any considering; I'm going. Betty Hastings is waiting for me. I thought I'd give you the first chance, Patty. All right! Good-bye."

"Jabez! Jabez! That stuck-up Betty Hastings sha'n't have you! Jabez, yes! Do you hear—y-e-s!"

Anon.

IV. DRAMATIC PIECES

"SCHOOL FOR SCANDAL"

(*Quarrel Scene.*)

(*Speakers*—SIR PETER and LADY TEAZLE.)

Sir P.—When an old bachelor marries a young wife, what is he to expect? 'Tis now about six months since my Lady Teazle made me the "happiest of men," and I have been the most miserable dog ever since! We tiffed a little going to church, and fairly quarrelled before the bells were done ringing. I was more than once nearly choked with gall during the honeymoon, and had lost every satisfaction in life before my friends had done wishing me joy. And yet I chose with caution a girl bred wholly in the country, who had never known luxury beyond one silk gown, or dissipation beyond the annual gala of a race-ball. Yet now she plays her part in all the extravagant fopperies of the town with as good a grace as if she had never seen a bush or a grass-plot out of Grosvenor Square. I am sneered at by all my acquaintance; paragraphed in the newspapers. She dissipates my fortune and contradicts all my humours. And yet the worst of it is I doubt I love her, or I should never bear all this; but I am determined never to let her know it. No, no, no!—Oh, here she comes. Lady Teazle, Lady Teazle, I won't bear it.

Lady T.—Very well, Sir Peter, you may bear it or not, as you please; but I know I ought to have my own way in everything; and what's more I will.

Sir P.—What, madam! Is there no respect due to the authority of a husband?

Lady T.—Why, don't I know that no woman of fashion does as she is bid after her marriage? Though I was bred in the country, I'm no stranger to that. If you wanted me to be obedient, you should have adopted me, not married me. I'm sure you are old enough.

Sir P.—Ay, there it is! Oons, madam, what right have you to run into all this extravagance?

Lady T.—I'm sure I'm not more extravagant than a woman of quality ought to be.

Sir P.—Madam! I'll have no more sums squandered away upon such unmeaning luxuries. You have as many flowers in your dressing-room as would turn the Pantheon into a greenhouse, or make a *fête champetre* at a masquerade.

Lady T.—Oh, Sir Peter, how can you be so angry at my little elegant expenses?

Sir P.—Had you any of those little elegant expenses or had you any taste when you married me?

Lady T.—Very true, indeed; and, after having married you, I should never pretend to taste again!

Sir P.—Very well, very well, madam! You have entirely forgot what your situation was when I first saw you.

Lady T.—No, no, I have not. A very disagreeable situation it was, or I'm sure I never would have married you.

Sir P.—You forget the humble state I took you from—the daughter of a poor country squire. When I came to your father's I found you sitting at your tambour in a linen gown, a bunch of keys at your side, and your hair combed smoothly over a roll.

Lady T.—Yes, I remember very well. My daily occupations were to overlook the dairy, superintend the poultry, make extracts from the family receipt-book, and comb my Aunt Deborah's lap-dog.

Sir P.—Oh! I am so glad to find you have so good a recollection.

Lady T.—My evening employments were to draw patterns for ruffles, which I had not materials to make up; play at Pope Joan with the curate, read a sermon to my Aunt Deborah, or perhaps be stuck up at an old spinet, and thrum my father to sleep after a fox-chase.

Sir P.—Then you were glad to take a ride out behind the butler upon the old docked coach-horse.

Lady T.—No, no; I deny the butler and the coach-horse.

Sir P.—I say you did. This was your situation. Now, madam, you must have your coach, *vis-a-vis*, and three powdered footmen to walk before your chair, and in summer two white colts to draw you to Kensington Gardens; and, instead of your living in that hole in the country, I have brought you home here, made a woman of fortune of you, a woman of quality—in short, I have made you my wife.

Lady T.—Well! and there is but one thing more that you can add to the obligation, and that is——

Sir P.—To make you my widow, I suppose?

Lady T.—Hem!—

Sir P.—Very well, madam; very well. I am much obliged to you for the hint.

Lady T.—Why, then, will you force me to say shocking things to you. But, now we have finished our morning conversation, I want you to be in a monstrous good humour. Come, do be good-humoured, and let me have two hundred pounds.

Sir P.—What! Can't I be in a good humour without paying for it? But look always thus and you shall want for nothing. There, there are two

hundred pounds for you. Now seal my bond for payment.

Lady T.—No; my note of hand will do as well.

Sir P.—Well, well, I must be satisfied with that. You shan't much longer reproach me for not having made a proper settlement. I intend shortly to surprise you.

Lady T.—Do you? You can't think, Sir Peter, how good humour becomes you. Now you look just as you did before I married you.

Sir P.—Do I indeed?

Lady T.—Don't you remember when you used to walk with me under the elms, and tell me stories of what a gallant you were in your youth, and asked me if I could like an old fellow who would deny me nothing?

Sir P.—Ay! and you were so attentive and obliging to me then!

Lady T.—To be sure I was, and used to take your part against all my acquaintance; and when my cousin Sophy used to laugh at me for thinking of marrying a man old enough to be my father, and call you an ugly, stiff, formal old bachelor, I contradicted her, and said I did not think you so ugly by any means, and that I dared say you would make a good sort of a husband.

Sir P.—That was very kind of you. Well, and you were not mistaken. You have found it so, have you not? But shall we always live thus happy?

Lady T.—With all my heart. I don't care how soon we leave off quarrelling, provided you will own you are tired first.

Sir P.—With all my heart.

Lady T.—Then we shall be as happy as the day is long, and never, never, never quarrel more.

Sir P.—Never—never—never—never! and let our future contest be who shall be most obliging.

Lady T.—Ay!

Sir P.—But, my dear Lady Teazle, my love! indeed you must keep a strict watch over your temper, for you know, my dear, that in all our disputes and quarrels you always begin first.

Lady T.—No, no, Sir Peter, my dear; 'tis always you that begin.

Sir P.—No, no, no such thing.

Lady T.—Have a care; this is not the way to live happy, if you fly out thus.

Sir P.—Madam, I say 'tis you.

Lady T.—I never saw such a man in my life! Just what my cousin Sophy told me!

Sir P.—Your cousin Sophy is a forward, saucy, impertinent minx!

Lady T.—You are a very great bear, I am sure, to abuse my relations!

Sir P.—But I am very well served for marrying you—a pert, forward, rural coquette, who had refused half the honest squires in the country.

Lady T.—I am sure I was a great fool for marrying you, a stiff, cross, dangling old bachelor, who was unmarried at fifty because nobody would have him.

Sir P.—You were very glad to have me. You never had such an offer.

Lady T.—Oh yes, I had. There was Sir Tivy Terrier, who everybody said would be a better match, for his estate was full as good as yours, and—he has broke his neck since we were married.

Sir P.—Very well, very well, madam! You're an ungrateful woman, and may plagues light on me if I ever try to be friends with you again. You shall have a separate maintenance!

Lady T.—By all means, a separate maintenance.

Sir P.—Very well, madam; oh, very well! Ay, madam, and I'll have a divorce, madam. I'll make an example of myself for the benefit of all old bachelors.

Lady T.—Well, Sir Peter, I see you are going to be in a passion, so I'll leave you, and when you are come properly to your temper we shall be the happiest couple in the world, and never, never quarrel more! Ha, ha, ha! [*Exit Lady Teazle.*

Sir P.—So! I have got much by my intended expostulation. What a charming air she has! and how pleasingly she shows her contempt of my authority! Well, though I can't make her love me, 'tis some pleasure to tease her a little, and I think she never appears to such advantage as when she is doing everything in her power to vex and plague me.

SHERIDAN.

THE TENT SCENE FROM "JULIUS CÆSAR"

Cassius.—That you have wronged me doth appear in this—you have condemned and noted Lucius Pella for taking bribes here of the Sardians; wherein my letters (praying on his side, because I knew the man) were slighted off.

Brutus.—You wronged yourself to write in such a case.

Cas.—In such a time as this it is not meet that every nice offence should bear his comment.

Bru.—Let me tell you, Cassius, you yourself are much condemned to have an itching palm to sell and mart your offices for gold to undeservers.

Cas.—I an itching palm? You know that you are Brutus that speak this, or, by the gods, this speech were else your last!

Bru.—The name of Cassius honours this corruption, and chastisement doth therefore hide his head.

Cas.—Chastisement!

Bru.—Remember March, the ides of March, remember! Did not great Julius bleed for justice' sake? What villain touched his body, that did stab, and not for justice? What! Shall one of us, that struck the foremost man of all this world but for supporting robbers—shall we now contaminate our fingers with base bribes, and sell the mighty space of our large honours, for so much trash as may be grasped thus? I had rather be a dog, and bay the moon, than such a Roman?

Cas.—Brutus, bay not me! I'll not endure it; you forget yourself to hedge me in. I am a soldier, I; older in practice, abler than yourself to make conditions!

Bru.—Go to; you are not, Cassius.

Cas.—I am!

Bru.—I say you are not.

Cas.—Urge me no more, I shall forget myself—have mind upon your health—tempt me no farther!

Bru.—Away, slight man!

Cas.—Is't possible?

Bru.—Hear me, for I will speak. Must I give way and room to your rash choler? Shall I be frighted when a madman stares?

Cas.—O ye gods! ye gods! must I endure all this?

Bru.—All this! Ay, more. Fret, till your proud heart break. Go, show your slaves how choleric you are, and make your bondmen tremble. Must I budge? Must I observe you? Must I stand and crouch under your testy humour? By the gods! you shall digest the venom of your spleen though it do split you; for, from this day forth, I'll use you for my mirth, yea, for my laughter, when you are waspish.

Cas.—Is it come to this?

Bru.—You say you are a better soldier; let it

appear so: make your vaunting true, and it shall please me well. For mine own part, I shall be glad to learn of noble men.

Cas.—You wrong me every way—you wrong me, Brutus; I said an elder soldier, not a better. Did I say better?

Bru.—If you did, I care not.

Cas.—When Cæsar lived, he durst not thus have moved me.

Bru.—Peace, peace; you durst not so have tempted him.

Cas.—I durst not?

Bru.—No.

Cas.—What! durst not tempt him?

Bru.—For your life you durst not.

Cas.—Do not presume too much upon my love; I may do that I shall be sorry for.

Bru.—You have done that you should be sorry for. There is no terror, Cassius, in your threats; for I am armed so strong in honesty that they pass by me as the idle wind, which I respect not. I did send to you for certain sums of gold, which you denied me; for I can raise no money by vile means; by heaven, I had rather coin my heart, and drop my blood for drachmas, than to wring from the hard hands of peasants their vile trash by any indirection! I did send to you for gold to pay my legions, which you denied me. Was that done like Cassius? Should I have answered Caius Cassius so? When Marcus Brutus grows so covetous to lock such rascal-counters from his friends, be ready, gods! with all your thunderbolts, dash him to pieces.

Cas.—I denied you not.

Bru.—You did.

Cas.—I did not; he was but a fool that brought my answer back. Brutus hath rived my heart. A friend should bear his friend's infirmities, but Brutus makes mine greater than they are.

Bru.—I do not, till you practise them on me.

Cas.—You love me not.

Bru.—I do not like your faults.

Cas.—A friendly eye could never see such faults.

Bru.—A flatterer's would not, though they do appear as huge as high Olympus!

Cas.—Come, Antony, and young Octavius, come! revenge yourselves alone on Cassius, for Cassius is aweary of the world. Hated by one he loves—braved by his brother—checked like a bondman—all his faults observed, set in a note-book, learned and conned by rote, to cast into my teeth. Oh, I could weep my spirit from mine eyes! There is my dagger, and here my naked breast; within, a heart dearer than Plutus' mine, richer than gold! If that thou be'st a Roman, take it forth. I, that denied thee gold, will give my heart. Strike as thou didst at Cæsar; for I know, when thou didst hate him worst, thou lov'dst him better than ever thou lov'dst Cassius.

Bru.—Sheathe your dagger. Be angry when you will, it shall have scope; do what you will, dishonour shall be humour. O Cassius, you are yokèd with a lamb, that carries anger as the flint bears fire, who, much enforcèd, shows a hasty spark, and straight is cold again.

Cas.—Hath Cassius lived to be but mirth and laughter to his Brutus, when grief and blood ill-tempered vexeth him?

Bru.—When I spoke that I was ill-tempered too.

Cas.—Do you confess so much? Give me your hand.

Bru.—And my heart too.

Cas.—O Brutus!

Bru.—What's the matter?

Cas.—Have not you love enough to bear with me

when that rash humour which my mother gave me makes me forgetful?

Bru—Yes, Cassius; and, from henceforth, when you are over-earnest with your Brutus, he'll think your mother chides, and leave you so.

SHAKESPEARE.

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